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THE

MIRROR OF THE GRACES;

OR, THE

ENGLISH LADY'S COSTUME.

CONTAINING

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

FOR COMBINING

ELEGANCE, SIMPLICITY, AND ECONOMY

WITH FASHION IN DRESS;

HINTS ON FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENTS AND MANNERS;

AND DIRECTIONS FOR THE PRESERVATION OF

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

BY A LADY OF DISTINCTION.

"If Beauty be woman's weapon, it must be feathered by the Graces, pointed by the eye of Discretion, and shot by the hand of Virtue."

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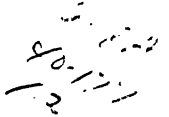

MIRROR

OF

THE GRACES.

PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS ON THE SUBJECT.

"Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;
For contemplation he, and valour form'd;
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him."

MILTON.

IN discoursing on the degree of consequence, in the scale of creation, that may be allowed to the human body, two extremes are generally adopted. Epicureans, for obvious reasons, exalt our corporeal part to the first rank; and Stoics, by opposite deductions, degrade it to the last. But to neither of these opinions can the writer of these pages concede.

The body is as much a part of the human creature as the mind; by its outward expression, we

convey to others a sense of our opinions, hopes, fears, and affections—we communicate love, and we excite it. We enjoy, not only the pleasures of the senses, but the delights which shoot from mind to mind, in the pressure of a hand, the glance of an eye, and the whisper of the heart. Shall we then despise this ready and obedient vehicle of all that passes within the invisible soul? Shall we contemn it as a lump of encumbering clay—as a piece of corruption, fitter for the charnel-house than the bosom of affection?

These ascetic ideas may be consistent with the thankless superstition of the ancient Zenos, or the modern fanatics, who see neither beauty nor joyfulness in the works of the bounteous Lord of Nature; but the rational and fair-judging mind, which acknowledges "use and decency" in all the Creator's works, while it turns from the pagan devotion which the libertine pays to his own body, regards that inferior part of himself with the respect which is due to it in consideration of its Maker and its purpose.

"Reverence thyself!" says the philosopher, not only with relation to the mind which directs, but to the body which executes. God created the body, not only for usefulness, but adorned it with loveliness; and what he has made so

pleasing, shall we disesteem, and refuse to apply to its admirable destination?—The very approving and innocent complacency we all feel in the contemplation of beauty, whether it be that of a landscape or of a flower, is a sufficient witness that the pleasure which pervades our hearts at the sight of human charms, was planted there by the Divine Framer of all things, as a principle of delight and social attraction. To this end, then, I seek to turn your attention, my fair countrywomen, upon YOURSELVES!—not only to the cultivation of your minds, but to maintain in its intended station that inferior part of yourselves, which mistaken gravity would, on the one hand, lead you to neglect as altogether worthless; and vanity, on the other, incline you too much to cherish, and egregiously to overvalue.

From this you will gather, that the PERSON of a woman is the primary subject of this discourse.

Mothers, perhaps, (those estimable mothers who value the souls as the better parts of their daughters,) may start at such a text. But I call them to recollect, that it is "good all things should be in order!" This is a period when absurdity, bad taste, shamelessness, and self-interest, in the shapes of tire-men and tire-women,

have arranged themselves in close siege around the beauty, and even chastity, of your daughters; and to preserve these graces in their original purity, I, a woman of virtue and a Christian, do not think it beneath my dignity to lift my pen.

Dr Knox will not refuse to be my auxiliary, as a grave auxiliary may be necessary to give consequence to a subject usually deemed so trivial. "Taste requires a congruity between the internal character and the external appearance," says he; "and the imagination will involuntarily form to itself an idea of such a correspondence. First ideas are in general of considerable consequence; and I should, therefore, think it wise in the female world to take care that their *appearance* should not convey a forbidding idea to the most superficial observer."

Another author shall speak for me besides this respected moralist. The very High Priest of the Graces, the discriminating Chesterfield, declared, that "a prepossessing exterior is a perpetual letter of recommendation." To show how different such an exterior is from affectation and extravagance, is one object of these pages; and I hope that my fair and candid readers will, after perusal, lay them down with a conviction hat beauty is a blessing, and is to be used with

maidenly discretion; that modesty is grace; simplicity elegance; and consistency the charm which rivets the attracted heart of well-judging men.

That you have sought my sentiments on these subjects makes it easier to me to enter into the minute detail I meditate. Indeed, I have ever blamed, as impolitic, the austerity which condemns, without distinction, any attention to personal appearance. It is surely more reasonable to direct the youthful mind to that medium between negligence and nicety which will preserve the person in health and elegance, than, by leaving a young woman ignorant of the real and supposed advantages of these graces, render her liable to learn the truth in the worst way from strangers, who will either insult her aggravated deformity, or teach her to set off her before-obscured charms with, perhaps, meretricious assistance.

It is unjust and dangerous to hold out false lights to young persons; for, finding that their guides have, in one respect, designedly led them astray, they may be led likewise to reject as untrue all else they have been taught; and so nothing but disappointment, error, and rebellion can be the consequence.

Let girls advancing to womanhood be told the

true state of the world with which they are to mingle. Let them know its real opinions on the subjects connected with themselves as women, companions, friends, relatives. Hide not from them what society thinks and expects on all these matters; but fail not to show them, at the same time, where the fashions of the day would lead them wrong—where the laws of heaven and man's approving (though not always submitting) reason, would keep them right.

Let religion and morality be the foundation of the female character. The artist may then adorn the structure without any danger to its safety. When a girl is instructed on the great purposes of her existence,—that she is an immortal being, as well as a mortal woman,—you may, without fearing ill impressions, show her, that as we admire the beauty of the rose, as well as esteem its medicinal power, so her personal charms will be dear in the eyes of him whose heart is occupied by the graces of her yet more estimable mind. We may safely teach a well-educated girl, that virtue ought to wear an inviting aspect—that it is due to her excellence to decorate her comely apparel. But we must never cease to remember that it is VIRTUE we seek to adorn. It must not be a merely beautiful form; for that, if it possess not the charm

of intelligence, the bond of rational tenderness, is a frame without a soul—a statue which we look on and admire, pass away and forget. We must impress upon the yet ingenuous maid, that while beauty attracts, its influence is transient, unless it presents itself as the harbinger of that good sense and principle which can alone secure the affection of a husband, the esteem of friends, and the respect of the world. Show her that regularity of features and symmetry of form are not essentials in the composition of the woman whom the wise man would select as the partner of his life. Seek, as an example, some one of your less fair acquaintance, whose sweet disposition, gentle manners, and winning deportment, render her the delight of her kindred, the dear solace of her husband. Show your young and lovely pupil what use this amiable woman has made of her few talents; and then call on her to cultivate her more extraordinary endowments to the glory of her Creator, the honour of her parents, and to the maintenance of her own happiness in both worlds. To do this, requires that her aims should be virtuous, and the means she employs to reach them of the same nature.

We know, from every record under heaven, from the sacred page to that of the heathen

world, that woman was made to be the helpmate of man—that, by rendering herself pleasing in his sight, she is the assuager of his pains, the solacer of his woe, the sharer of his joys, the chief agent in the communication of his sublunary bliss. This is beautifully alluded to in the Book of Genesis, where the work of Creation is represented as incomplete, and the felicity of Paradise itself imperfect, till woman was bestowed to consummate its delights:—

> "The world was sad! the garden was a wild;
> And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smiled."

We have all read in the sacred oracles, that "a woman's desire is unto her husband!" and for that tender relation, the first on earth, (for, before the bonds of relationship, man and woman became a wedded pair,) woman must leave father and mother, and cleave unto him alone. Hence, I shall no longer beg the question, whether it be not right that a chaste maid should adorn herself with the graces of youth and modesty, and, with a sober reference to the duties of her sex, present herself a candidate for the love and protection of manliness and virtue, in the most agreeable manner possible.

By making the fairness of the body the sign of the mind's purity, man is imperceptibly at-

tracted to the object designed for him by heaven as the partner of his life, the future mother of his children, and the angel which is to accompany him into eternity. Hence, insignificant as the means may seem, the end is great; and poor as we may choose to consider them, we all feel their effects, and enjoy their sweetness.

Having thus explained my subject, my fair friends will readily perceive, that there cannot be any thing hostile to female delicacy in the prosecution of my scheme. I give to woman all her privileges; I allow her the empire of all her personal charms; I will assist her to increase their force: but it must be with a constant reference to their being the ensign of her more estimable mental attractions. She must never suppose that when I insist on attention to person and manners, I forget the mind and heart; or when I commend external grace, that I pass unregarded the internal beauty of the virgin soul.

In order to give a regular and perspicuous elucidation of the several branches of my subject, I shall arrange them under separate heads. Sometimes I may illustrate by observations drawn from abroad, at other times by remarks collected at home. Having been a traveller in my youth, whilst visiting foreign courts with my husband, on an errand connected with the

general welfare of nations, I could not overlook the influence which the women of every country hold over the morals and happiness of the opposite sex in every rank and degree.

Fine taste in apparel I have ever seen the companion of pure morals, whilst a licentious style of dress was as certainly the token of the like laxity in manners and conduct. To correct this dangerous fashion, ought to be the study and attempt of every mother—of every daughter—of every woman.

GENERAL REMARKS ON THE MANNERS AND FASHIONS OF THE PAST AND PRESENT TIMES.

"Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times."

POPE.

WHEN Innocence left the world, astonished man blushed at his own and his partner's nakedness, and coverings were soon invented. For many an age, the twisted foliage of trees, and the skins of beasts, were the only garments which clothed our ancestors. Decoration was unknown, excepting the wild flower, plucked from the luxuriant shrub, the shell from the beach, or the berry off the tree. Nature was then unsophisticated; and the lover looked for no other attraction in his bride, than the peach-bloom on her cheek—the downcast softness of her consenting eye.

In after times, when Avarice ploughed the earth, and Ambition bestrode it, the gem and the silken fleece, the various product of the

loom, and the Tyrian mystery of dyes, all united to give embellishment to beauty, and splendour to majesty of mien. But even at that period, when the east and south laid their decorating riches at the feet of woman, we see, by the sculpture yet remaining to us, that the dames of Greece (the then exemplars of the world) were true to the simple laws of just taste. The amply-folding robe, cast round the harmonious form; the modest clasp and zone on the bosom; the braided hair, or the veiled head; these were the fashions alike of the wife of a Phocion, and the mistress of an Alcibiades. A chastened taste ruled at their toilets; and from that hour to this, the forms and modes of Greece have been those of the poet, the sculptor, and the painter.

Rome, queen of the world! the proud dictatress to Athenian and Spartan dames, disdained not to array herself in their dignified attire; and the statues of her virgins, her matrons, and her empresses, show, in every portico of her ancient streets, the graceful fashions of her Grecian province.

The irruption of the Goths and Vandals made it needful for women to assume a more repulsive garb. The flowing robe, the easy shape, the soft, unfettered hair, gave place to skirts,

shortened for flight or contest—to the hardened vest, and head buckled in gold or silver.

Thence, by a natural descent, have we the iron boddice, stiff farthingale, and spiral coiffure, of the middle ages. The courts of Charlemagne, of our Edwards, Henries, and Elizabeth, all exhibit the figures of women as if in a state of siege. Such lines of circumvallation and outworks; such impregnable bulwarks of whalebone, wood, and steel; such impassable mazes of gold, silver, silk, and furbelows, met a man's view, that, before he had time to guess it was a woman that he saw, she had passed from his sight; and he only formed a vague wish on the subject, by hearing, from an interested father or brother, that the moving castle was one of the softer sex.

These preposterous fashions disappeared, in England, a short time after the Restoration; they had been a little on the wane during the more classic, though distressful reign of Charles I.; and what the beautiful pencil of Vandyke shows us, in the graceful dress of Lady Carlisle and Sacharissa, was rendered yet more correspondent to the soft undulations of nature, in the garments of the lovely, but frail beauties of the Second Charles's court. But as change too often is carried to extremes, in this case the

unzoned tastes of the English ladies thought no freedom too free; their vestments were gradually unloosened of the brace, until another touch would have exposed the wearer to no thicker covering than the ambient air.

The matron reign of Anne, in some measure, corrected this indecency. But it was not till the accession of the House of Brunswick, that it was finally exploded, and gave way by degrees to the ancient mode of female fortification, by introducing the hideous Parisian fashion of hoops, buckram stays, waists to the hips, screwed to the circumference of a wasp, brocaded silks stiff with gold, shoes with heels so high as to set the wearer on her toes; and heads, for quantity of false hair, either horse or human, and height to outweigh, and perhaps outreach, the Tower of Babel! These were the figures which our grandmothers exhibited; nay, such was the appearance I myself made in my early youth; and something like it may yet be seen at a drawing-room, on court-days.

When the arts of Sculpture and Painting, in their fine specimens from the chisels of Greece and the pencils of Italy, were brought into this country, taste began to mould the dress of our female youth after their more graceful fashion. The health-destroying boddice was laid aside;

brocades and whalebone disappeared; and the easy shape and flowing drapery again resumed the rights of nature and of grace. The bright hues of auburn, raven, or golden tresses, adorned the head in its native simplicity, putting to shame the few powdered *toupees*, which yet lingered on the brow of prejudice and deformity.

Thus, for a short time, did the Graces indeed preside at the toilet of the British beauty; but a strange caprice seems now to have dislodged these gentle handmaids. Here stands affectation distorting the form into a thousand unnatural shapes; and there, ill-taste, loading it with grotesque ornaments, gathered (and mingled confusedly) from Grecian and Roman models, from Egypt, China, Turkey, and Hindostan. All nations are ransacked to equip a modern fine lady; and, after all, she may perhaps strike a contemporary *beau* as *a fine lady*, but no son of nature could, at a glance, possibly find out that she meant to represent an *elegant woman.*

To impress upon your minds, my fair friends, that symmetry of figure ought ever to be accompanied by harmony of dress, and that there is a certain propriety in habiliment adapted to form, age, and degree, shall be the purport of my next observations.

ON THE FEMALE FORM.

" Who doth not feel, until his aching sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight,
His changing cheek, his sinking heart, confess
The might, the majesty of loveliness?"

BYRON.

To preserve the health of the human form, is the first object of consideration. This is of primary importance, for with its health we necessarily maintain its symmetry, and improve its beauty.

The foundation of a just proportion, in all its parts, must be laid in infancy; for, " as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." A light dress, which gives freedom to the functions of life and action, is the best adapted to permit unobstructed growth; for thence the young fibres, uninterrupted by obstacles of art, will shoot harmoniously into the form which nature drew. The garb of childhood should in all respects be easy; not to impede its movements by ligatures on the chest, the loins, the legs, or the arms. By this liberty, we shall see the muscles of the limbs gradually assume the fine swell and in-

sertion which only unconstrained exercise can produce. The shape will sway gracefully on the firmly poised waist; the chest will rise in noble and healthy expanse; and the human figure will start forward at the blooming age of youth, maturing into the full perfection of unsophisticated nature.

The lovely form of woman, in particular, thus educated, or rather thus left to its natural bias, assumes a variety of interesting characters. In one youthful figure, we see the lineaments of a wood-nymph; a form slight and elastic in all its parts. The shape,

> "Small by degrees, and beautifully less,
> From the soft bosom to the tender waist!"

A foot light as that of her whose flying step scarcely brushed the "unbending corn;" and limbs, whose agile grace moved in gay harmony with the turns of her swan-like neck and sparkling eyes.

Another fair one appears with the chastened dignity of a vestal. Her proportions are of a less aërial outline. As she draws near, we perceive that the contour of her figure is on a broader and less flexible scale than that of her more ethereal sister. Euphrosyne speaks in the one, Melpomene in the other.

Between these two lies the whole range of female character in form; and, in proportion as the figure approaches the one extreme or the other, we call it grave or gay, majestic or graceful. Not but that the same person may, by a happy combination of charms, unite these qualities in different degrees, as we sometimes see graceful majesty and majestic grace. Unless the commanding figure softens the amplitude of its contour with a gentle elegance, it may possess a sort of regal consequence, but it will be that of a heavy and harsh importance; and, on the other hand, unless the slight and air form, full of youth and animal spirits, superadds to these attractions the grace of a restraining dignity, her vivacity will be deemed levity, and her activity the romping of a wild hoyden.

Young women, therefore, when they present themselves to the world, must not implicitly fashion their demeanours according to the levelling rules of the generality of school-governesses; but, considering the character of their own figures, allow their deportment, and select their dress, to follow and correct the bias of nature.

There is a class of female contour which bears such faint marks of any positive character, that the best advice I can give to them who

have it, is to assume that of the sedate. Such an appearance is unobtrusive; it is amiable, and not only secure from animadversion, but very likely to awaken respect and love. Indeed, in all cases, a modest reserve is essential to the perfection of feminine attraction.

As it has been observed, that, during the period of youth, different women wear a variety of characters, such as the gay, the grave, &c. when it is found that even this loveliest season of life places its subjects in varying lights, how necessary does it seem that women should carry this idea yet farther by analogy, and recollect that she has a summer as well as a spring, an autumn, and a winter! As the aspect of the earth alters with the changes of the year, so does the appearance of a woman adapt itself to the time which passes over her. Like the rose, she buds, she blooms, she fades, she dies!

When the freshness of virgin youth vanishes —when Delia passes her teens, and approaches her thirtieth year, she may then consider her day as at the meridian; but the sun which shines so brightly on her beauties, declines while it displays them. A few short years, and the jocund step, the airy habit, the sportive manner, must all be exchanged for "faltering steps and slow." Before this happens, it would be well

for her to remember that it is wiser to throw a shadow over her yet unimpaired charms, than to hold them in the light till they are seen to decay.

Each age has an appropriate style of figure and pleasing; and it is the business of discernment and taste to discover and maintain those advantages in their due seasons.

The general characteristics of youth, are meek dignity, chastened sportiveness, and gentle seriousness. Middle age has the privilege of preserving, unaltered, the graceful majesty and tender gravity which may have marked its earlier years. But the gay manners of the comic muse must, in the advance of life, be discreetly softened down into little more than cheerful amenity. Time marches on, and another change takes place. Amiable as the former characteristics may be, they must give way to the sober, the venerable aspect with which age, experience, and "a soul commercing with the skies," ought to adorn the silver hairs of the Christian matron.

Nature having maintained a harmony between the figure of woman and her years, it is decorous that the consistency should extend to the materials and fashion of her apparel. For youth to dress like age, is an instance of bad taste sel-

dom seen. But age, affecting the airy garments of youth, the transparent *drapery of Cos*, and the sportiveness of a girl, is an anachronism as frequent as it is ridiculous.

Virgin, bridal Beauty, when she arrays herself with taste, obeys an end of her creation—that of increasing her charms in the eyes of some virtuous lover, or the husband of her bosom. She is approved. But when the wrinkled fair, the hoary-headed matron, attempts to equip herself for conquest, to awaken sentiments which, when the bloom on her cheek has disappeared, her rouge can never recall; and, despite of all her efforts, we can perceive "*memento mori*" written on her face, then we cannot but deride her folly, or, in pity, counsel her rather to seek for charms, the mental graces of Madame de Sevigné, than the meretricious arts of Ninon de l'Enclos.

But that, in some cases, wrinkles may be long warded off, and auburn locks preserve a lengthened freshness, is not to be denied; and, where nature prolongs the youth of a Helen or a Sarah, it is not for man to see her otherwise. These are rare instances; and, in the minds of rational women, ought rather to excite wonder, than desire to emulate their extended reign. But what ought to be, we know is not always

adopted. St Evremond has told us, that "a woman's last sighs are for her beauty;" and what this wit has advanced, the sex has ever been too ready to confirm. A strange kind of art, a sort of sorcery, is prescribed by tradition, and in books, in the form of cosmetics, &c., to preserve female charms in perpetual youth. But I fear that, until these composts can be concocted in Medea's caldron, they will never have any better effect than exercising the faith and patience of the credulous dupes, who expect to find the *elixir vitæ* in any mixture under heaven.

The rules which I would lay down for the preservation of the bloom of beauty, during its natural life, are few, and easy of access. And, besides having the advantage of speaking from my own wide and minute observation, I have the authorities of the most eminent physicians of every age, to support my argument.

The secret of preserving beauty lies in three things,—temperance, exercise, and cleanliness. From these few heads, I hope much good instruction may be deduced. *Temperance* includes moderation at table, and in the enjoyment of what the world calls pleasure. A young beauty, were she fair as Hebe, and elegant as the Goddess of Love herself, would soon lose these charms by

a course of inordinate eating, drinking, and late hours.

I guess that my delicate young readers will start at this last sentence, and wonder how it can be that any well-bred woman should think it possible that pretty ladies could be guilty of either of the two first-mentioned excesses. But, when I speak of *inordinate* eating, &c., I do not mean feasting like a glutton, or drinking to intoxication. My objection is not more against the quantity than the quality of the dishes which constitute the usual repasts of women of fashion. Their breakfasts not only set forth tea and coffee, but chocolate, and *hot* bread and butter. Both of these latter articles, when taken constantly, are hostile to health and female delicacy. The heated grease, which is their principal ingredient, deranges the stomach; and, by creating or increasing bilious disorders, gradually overspreads the fair skin with a wan or yellow hue. After this meal, a long and exhausting fast not unfrequently succeeds, from ten in the morning till six or seven in the evening, when dinner is served up; and the half-famished beauty sits down to sate a keen appetite with Cayenne soups, fish, French patées steaming with garlic, roast and boiled meat, game, tarts, sweetmeats, ices, fruits, &c. &c. &c. How must the

constitution suffer under the digestion of this *melange!* How does the heated complexion bear witness to the combustion within! And, when we consider that the beverage she takes to dilute this mass of food, and assuage the consequent fever in her stomach, is not merely water from the spring, but champagne, madeira, and other wines, foreign and domestic, you cannot wonder that I should warn the inexperienced creature against intemperance. The superabundance of aliment which she takes in at this time, is not only destructive of beauty, but the period of such repletion is full of other dangers. Long fasting wastes the powers of digestion, and weakens the springs of life. In this enfeebled state, at the hour when nature intends we should prepare for general repose, we put our stomach and animal spirits to extraordinary exertion. Our vital functions are overtasked and overloaded;—we become hectic—for observation strongly declares that invalid and delicate persons should rarely eat solids after three o'clock in the day, as fever is generally the consequence; and thus, almost every complaint that distresses and destroys the human frame, may be engendered.

"When hunger calls, obey; nor often wait
Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain;

For the keen appetite will feast beyond
What nature well can bear; and one extreme
Ne'er without danger meets its own reverse."

Besides, when we add to this evil the present mode of bracing the digestive part of the body, in what is called *long stays*, to what an extent must reach the baneful effects of a protracted and abundant repast? Indeed, I am fully persuaded that long fasting, late dining, and the excessive repletion then taken into the exhausted stomach, with the tight pressure of steel and whalebone on the most susceptible parts of the frame then called into action, and the midnight, nay, morning hours, of lingering pleasure, are the positive causes of colds taken, bilious fevers, consumptions, and atrophies. By the means enumerated, the firm texture of the constitution is broken, and the principles of health being in a manner decomposed, the finest parts fly off, and the dregs maintain the poor survivor of herself, in a sad kind of artificial existence. Delicate proportion gives place either to miserable leanness or shapeless fat. The once fair skin assumes a pallid rigidity, or a bloated redness, which the vain possessor would still regard as the roses of health and beauty.

To repair these ravages, comes the aid of

padding, to give shape where there is none; long stays, to compress into form the chaos of flesh; and paints of all hues, to rectify the disorder of the complexion. But useless are these attempts. If dissipation, disease, and immoderation, have wrecked the fair vessel of female charms, it is not in the power of Esculapius himself to refit the shattered bark; or of the Syrens, with all their songs and wiles, to conjure its battered sides from the rocks, and make it ride the seas in gallant trim again.

It is with pleasure that I turn from this ruin of all that is beauteous and lovely, to the cheering hope of preserving every charm unimpaired; and by means which the most ingenuous mind need not blush to acknowledge.

The rules, I repeat, are few. First, *Temperance:* a well-timed use of the table, and so moderate a pursuit of pleasure, that the midnight ball, assembly, and theatre, shall not too frequently recur.

My next specific, is that of gentle and daily *Exercise* in the open air. Nature teaches us, in the gambols and sportiveness of the young of the lower animals, that bodily exertion is necessary for the growth, vigour, and symmetry of the animal frame; while the too studious scholar, and the indolent man of luxury, exhibit in

themselves the pernicious consequences of the want of exercise.

This may be almost always obtained, either on horseback or on foot, in fine weather; and when that is denied, in a carriage. Country air in the fields, or in gardens, when breathed at proper hours, is an excellent bracer of the nerves, and a sure brightener of the complexion. But these hours are neither under the mid-day sun in summer, when its beams scorch the skin and ferment the blood; nor beneath the dews of evening, when the imperceptible damps, saturating the thinly-clad body, send the wanderer home infected with the disease that is to lay her, ere a returning spring, in the silent tomb! Both these periods are pregnant with danger to delicacy and carelessness.

The morning, about two or three hours after sunrise, is the most salubrious time for a vigorous walk. But, as the day advances, if you choose to prolong the sweet enjoyment of the open air, then the thick wood or shady lane will afford refreshing shelter from the too-intense heat of the sun. In short, the morning and evening dew, and the unrepelled blaze of a summer noon, must alike be ever avoided as the enemies of health and beauty.

" Fly, if you can, these violent extremes
Of air; the wholesome is nor moist nor dry."
ARMSTRONG.

Cleanliness, my last recipe, (and which is, like the others, applicable to all ages,) is of most powerful efficacy. It maintains the limbs in their pliancy, the skin in its softness, the complexion in its lustre, the eyes in their brightness, the teeth in their purity, and the constitution in its fairest vigour. To promote cleanliness I can recommend nothing preferable to bathing.

The frequent use of tepid baths is not more grateful to the sense than it is salutary to the health, and to beauty. By such ablution, all accidental corporeal impurities are thrown off; cutaneous obstructions removed; and while the surface of the body is preserved in its original brightness, many threatening disorders are removed or prevented. Colds in the young, and rheumatic and paralytic affections in the old, are all dispersed by this simple and delightful antidote. By such means the women of the East render their skins softer than that of the tenderest babes in this climate, and preserve that health which sedentary confinement would otherwise destroy.

This delightful and delicate Oriental fashion

is now, I am happy to say, prevalent almost all over the continent. From the Villas of Italy, to the Chateaux of France; from the Castles of Germany, to the Palaces of Muscovy; we may every where find the marble bath under the vaulted portico or the sheltering shade. Every house of every nobleman or gentleman, in every nation under the sun, excepting Britain, possesses one of those genial friends to cleanliness and comfort. The generality of English ladies seem to be ignorant of the use of any bath larger than a wash-hand basin. This is the more extraordinary to me, when I contemplate the changeable temperature of the climate, and consider the corresponding alterations in the bodily feelings of the people. By abruptly checking the secretions, it produces those chronic and cutaneous diseases so peculiar to our nation, and so heavy a cause of complaint.

This very circumstance renders baths more necessary in England than any where else; for as this is the climate most subject to sudden heats and colds, rains and fogs, tepid immersion is the only sovereign remedy against their usual morbific effects. Indeed, so impressed am I with the consequence of their regimen, that I strongly recommend to every lady to make a

bath as indispensable an article in her house as a looking-glass:

> "This is the purest exercise of health,
> The kind refresher of the summer heats;
> Even from the body's purity, the mind
> Receives a secret sympathetic aid."

It may be remarked *en passant*, that rubbing of the skin in the bath is an excellent substitute for *exercise*, when that is impracticable out-of-doors.

I must not draw this chapter to a close without offering my fair readers a few remarks on the malignant influence exercised on the features by an ill-regulated temper. The face is the index of the mind. On its expressive page are recorded in characters lasting as life itself, the gloom of sullenness, the arrogance of pride, the withering of envy, or the storm of anger; for, even after the fury of the tempest has subsided, its fearful devastations remain behind.

> "From anger she may then be freed,
> But peevishness and spleen succeed."

The first emotions of anger are apparent to the most superficial observer. Every indulgence in its paroxysms, both adds strength to its authority, and engraves its history in deeper relief on the forehead of its votaries. What a

pity it is that antiquity provides us with no authentic portrait of the illustrious Xantippe! for I am sure the features of that lady would lend their ready testimony to the value of my admonitions.

When good-humour and vivacity reign within, the face is lighted up with benignant smiles; where peace and gentleness are the tenants of the bosom, the countenance beams with mildness and complacency. Evil temper has, with truth, been called a more terrible enemy to beauty than the small-pox. I beseech you, therefore, as you value the preservation of your charms, to resist the dominion of this rude despoiler, to foster and encourage the feelings of kindliness and good-humour, and to repress every emotion of a contrary character.

I shall conclude this important subject by remarking with the Spectator, that "no woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the gift of speech."

THE SAME SUBJECT, OF FEMALE BEAUTY, MORE EXPLICITLY CONSIDERED.

> "Let Art no useless ornament display,
> But just explain what Nature meant to say."
>
> YOUNG.

So far, my fair friends, I have thrown together my sentiments on the aggregate of the female form; I shall now descend to particulars, and leave it to your judgments to adopt my suggestions according to the correspondence with your different characters.

The preservation of an agreeable complexion (which always presupposes health) is not the most insignificant of exterior charms. Though we yield due admiration to regularity of features, (the Grecian contour being usually so called,) yet when we consider them merely in the outline, our pleasure can go no farther than that of a cold critic, who regards the finely-proportioned lineaments of life as he would those of a statue. It is complexion that lends animation to a picture; it is complexion that gives spirit to the human countenance. Even

the language of the eyes loses half its eloquence, if they speak from the obscurity of an inexpressive skin. The life-blood in the mantling cheek; the ever-varying hues of nature glowing in the face, "as if her very body thought;" these are alike the ensigns of beauty and the heralds of the mind; and the effect is, an impression of loveliness, an attraction, which fills the beholder with answering animation and the liveliest delight:

> "'Tis not a lip or eye we beauty call,
> But the joint force and full result of all."

As a Juno-featured maid with a dull skin, by most people, will only be coldly pronounced *critically* handsome; so a young woman with very indifferent features, but a fine complexion, will, from ten persons out of twelve, receive spontaneous and warm admiration.

The experience (when once we admit the proposition that it is *right* to keep the casket bright which contains so precious a gem as the soul) must induce us to take precautions against the injuries continually threatening the tender surface of the skin. It may be next to an impossibility, to change the colour of an eye, to alter the form of the nose, or the turn of the mouth; but though heaven has given us a com-

plexion which vies with the flowers of the field, we yet have it in our power to render it dingy by neglect, coarse through intemperance, and sallow by dissipation.

Such excesses must therefore be avoided; for, though there may be a something in the pallid cheek which excites interest, yet, without a certain appearance of health, there can never be an impression of loveliness. A fine, clear skin, gives an assurance of the inherent residence of three admirable graces to beauty; Wholesomeness, Neatness, and Cheerfulness. Every fair means ought to be sought to maintain these vouchers, for not only health of body, but health of mind.

I have already given some hints to this purpose; at least as far as relates to the purity of the alimentary springs of sublunary life: those which are in the heart, and point through time into eternity, must not be less observed; for, unless its thoughts are kept in corresponding order and the passions held in peace, all prescriptions will be vain to keep those boiling fluids in check, which, in spite of Roman fard and balm of Mecca, will spread themselves over the skin, and there show an outward and visible sign of the malignant spirit within. Independent of these intellectual causes of corporeal

defects, disorders of the skin, arising from accidental circumstances, are more frequent in this country than in any other; and the fashions of the day are still more inimical to the complexion of its inhabitants, than the climate. The frequent and sudden changes from heat to cold, by abruptly exciting or repressing the regular secretions of the skin, roughen its texture, injure its hue, and often deform it with unseemly, though transitory, eruptions. All this is increased by the habit ladies have of exposing themselves unveiled, and frequently without bonnets, in the open air. The head and face have then no defence against the attacks of the surrounding atmosphere, and the effects are obvious. The barouche, for this reason, and the more consequential one of subjecting its inmates to dangerous chills, is a fatal addition to the variety of English equipages. Our autumnal evenings, with this carriage and our gossamer apparel, have already sent many of my young female acquaintance to untimely graves.

To remedy these evils, I would strenuously recommend, for health's sake, as well as for beauty, that no lady should make one in any riding, airing, or walking party, without putting on her head something capable of affording both shelter and warmth. Shakspeare, the poet of

the finest taste in female charms, makes Viola regret having been obliged to "throw her sun-expelling mask away!" Such a defence I do not pretend to recommend; but I consider a veil a useful as well as elegant part of dress; it can be worn to suit any situation; open or close, just as the heat or cold may render it necessary.

The custom which some ladies have, when warm, of powdering their faces, washing them with cold water, or throwing off their bonnets, that they may cool the faster, are all very destructive habits. Each of them is sufficient (when it meets with any predisposition in the blood) to spread a surfeit over the skin, and make a once beautiful face hideous for ever.

The person, when overheated, should always be allowed to cool gradually, and of itself, without any more violent assistant than, perhaps, the gentle undulation of the neighbouring air by a fan. Streams of wind from opened doors and windows, or what is called *a thorough air*, are all bad and highly dangerous applications. These impatient remedies for heat are often resorted to in balls and crowded assemblies; and as frequently as they are used, we hear of sore throats, coughs, and fevers. While it is the fashion to fill a drawing-room like a theatre,

similar means ought to be adopted, to prevent the ill effects of the consequent corrupted atmosphere, and the temptation to seek relief by dangerous resources. Instead of the open balcony, and yawning door, we should see ventilators in every window; and thus feel a constant succession of pure and temperate air.

Excessive heat, as well as excessive cold, is apt to cause distempers of the skin; and as the fine lady, by her strange habits, is as prone to such changes as the desert-wandering gipsy, it is requisite that she should be particularly careful to correct the deforming consequences of her fashionable exposures. For her usual ablution, night and morning, nothing is so fine an emolient for any rigidity or disease of the face as a wash of French or white brandy, and rose-water; the spirit making only one-third of the mixture. The brandy keeps up that gentle action of the skin which is necessary to the healthy appearance of its parts. It also cleanses the surface. The rose-water corrects the drying property of the spirit, leaving the skin in a natural, soft, and flexible state. Where white or French brandy cannot be obtained, half the quantity of spirits of wine will tolerably supply its place.

The eloquent effect of complexion will, I hope,

my fair friends, obtain your pardon for my having confined your attention so long to what is generally thought (though in contradiction to what is felt) a trifling feature, if so I may be allowed to name it.

I am aware of your expectations, that I would give the precedence, in this dissertation, to the eye. I subscribe to its super-eminent dignity; for none can deny that it is regarded by all nations as the faithful interpreter of the mind, as the window of the soul, the index in which we read each varied emotion of the heart; it is, indeed, the "spirit's throne of light." But how increased an expression does this intelligent feature convey, when aided by the glowing tints of an eloquent complexion! Indeed, it is the happy coincidence of the eye and the complexion which forms the strongest point of what the French call *contenance*.

The animated changes of sensibility are nowhere more apparent than in the transparent surface of a clear skin. Who has not perceived, and admired, the rising blush of modesty enrich the cheek of a lovely girl, and, in the sweet effusion, most gratefully discern the true witness of the purity within? Who has not been sensible to the sudden glow on the face, which announces, ere the lips open, or the eye sparkles,

the approach of some beloved object? Nay, will not even the sound of his name paint the blooming cheek with deeper roses?

> "Who hath not own'd, with rapture-smitten frame,
> The power of grace, the magic of a name?"

Shall we reverse the picture? I have shown how the soul proclaims her joy through its wondrous medium; shall she speak her sorrows too? Then let us call to mind, who have beheld the deadly paleness of her who learns the unexpected destruction of her dearest possessions! Perhaps a husband, a lover, or a brother, mingled with the slain, or fallen, untimely, by some dreadful accident. Sudden partings like these

> "Press the life from out young hearts."

We see the darkened, stagnant shade which denotes the despair-stricken soul. We behold the livid hues of approaching frenzy, or the blacker stain of settled melancholy! Heloisa's face is paler than the marble she kneels upon. In all cases the mind shines through the body; and according as the medium is dense or transparent, so the light within seems dull or clear.

Advocate as I am for a fine complexion, you must perceive, that it is for the *real*, and not the *spurious*. The foundation of my argument, *the*

skin's power of expression, would be entirely lost, were I to tolerate that fictitious, that dead beauty, which is composed of white paints and enamelling. In the first place, as all applications of this kind are as a mask on the skin, they can never, but at a distant glance, impose for a moment on a discerning eye. But why should I say a *discerning eye?* No eye that is of the commonest apprehension can look on a face bedaubed with white paint, pearl powder, or enamel, and be deceived for a minute into a belief that so inanimate a "whited wall" is the human skin. No flush of pleasure, no shudder of pain, no thrilling of hope, can be descried beneath the encrusted mould; all that passes within is concealed behind the mummy surface. Perhaps the painted creature may be admired by an artist as a well-executed picture; but no man will seriously consider her as a handsome woman.

White painting is, therefore, an ineffectual, as well as dangerous practice. The proposed end is not obtained; and, as poison lurks under every layer, the constitution weans in alarming proportion as the supposed charms increase.

What is said against white paint, does not oppose, with the same force, the use of red.

Merely rouging leaves three parts of the face, and the whole of the neck and arms, to their natural hues. Hence, the language of the heart, expressed by the general complexion, is not yet entirely obstructed. Besides, while *all* white paints are ruinous to health, (occasioning paralytic affections, and premature death,) there are some red paints which may be used with perfect safety.

A little vegetable rouge tinging the cheek of a delicate woman, who, from ill health or an anxious mind, loses her roses, may be excusable; and so transparent is the texture of such rouge, (when unadulterated with lead,) that when the blood does mount to the face, it speaks through the slight covering, and enhances the fading bloom. But, though the occasional use of rouge may be tolerated, yet my fair friends must understand that it is only *tolerated.* Good sense must so preside over its application, that its tint on the cheek may always be fainter than what nature's pallet would have painted. A violently rouged woman is one of the most disgusting objects to the eye. The excessive red on the face gives a coarseness to every feature, and a general fierceness to the countenance, which transforms the elegant lady of fashion into a vulgar harridan.

While I recommend that the rouge we sparingly permit, should be laid on with delicacy, my readers must not suppose that I intend such advice as a means of making the art a deception. It seems to me so slight and so innocent an apparel of the face, (a kind of decent veil thrown over the cheek, rendered too eloquent of grief by the pallidness of secret sorrow,) that I cannot see any shame in the most ingenuous female acknowledging that she occasionally rouges. It is often, like a cheerful smile on the face of an invalid, put on to give comfort to an anxious friend.

That our applications to this restorer of our usual looks should not feed, like a worm, on the bud it affects to brighten, no rouge must ever be admitted that is impregnated with even the smallest particle of ceruse. It is the lead which is the poison of white paint; and its mixture with the red would render that equally noxious.

There are various ways of putting on rouge. Frenchwomen in general, and those who imitate them, daub it on from the bottom of the side of the face up to the very eye, even till it meets the lower eye-lash, and creeps all over the temples. This is a hideous practice. It is obvious that it must produce deformity instead

of beauty, and, as I said before, would metamorphose the gentlest-looking fair Hebe into a fierce Medusa.

For brunettes, a slight touch of simple carmine on the cheek, in its dry powder state, is amply sufficient. Taste will teach the hand to soften the colour by due degrees, till it almost imperceptibly blends with the natural hue of the skin. For fairer complexions, letting down the vivid red of the carmine with a mixture of fine hair powder, till it suits the general appearance of the skin, will have the desired effect.

The article of rouge, on the grounds I have mentioned, is the only species of positive art a woman of integrity or of delicacy can permit herself to use with her face. Her motives for imitating the bloom of health, may be of the most honourable nature, and she can with candour avow them. On the reverse, nothing but selfish vanity, and falsehood of mind, could prevail on a woman to enamel her skin with white paints, to lacker her lips with vermilion, to draw the meandering vein through the fictitious alabaster with as fictitious a dye.

Penciling eye-brows, staining them, &c., are too clumsy tricks of attempted deception, for any other emotion to be excited in the mind of

the beholder, than contempt for the bad taste and wilful blindness which could ever deem them passable for a moment. There is a lovely harmony in nature's tints, which we seldom attain by our added chromatics. The exquisitely fair complexion is generally accompanied with blue eyes, light hair, and light eye-brows and lashes. So far all is right. The delicacy of one feature is preserved in effect and beauty by the corresponding softness of the other. A young creature, so formed, appears to the eye of taste like the azure heavens, seen through the fleecy clouds on which the brightness of day delights to dwell. But take this fair image of the celestial regions, draw a black line over her softly-tinctured eyes, stain their beamy fringes with a sombre hue, and what do you produce? Certainly a fair face with *dark* eyebrows! But that feature, which is an embellishment to a brunette, when seen on the forehead of the fair beauty, becomes, if not an absolute deformity, so great a drawback from her perfections, that the harmony is gone; and, as a proof, a painter would immediately turn from the change with disgust.

Nature, in almost every case, is our best guide. Hence the native colour of our own hair is, in general, better adapted to our own com-

plexions than a wig of a contrary hue. A thing may be beautiful in itself, which, with certain combinations, may be rendered hideous. For instance, a golden-tressed wig on the head of a brown woman, makes both ridiculous. By the same rule, all fantastic tricks played with the mouth or eyes, or motions of the head, are absurd, and ruinous to beauty. They are solecisms in the works of nature.

In Turkey, it happened to be the taste of one of its great monarchs, to esteem large and dark-lashed eyes as the most lovely. From that time, all the fair slaves of that voluptuous region, when nature has not bestowed "the wild-stag eye in sable ringlets rolling," supply the deficiency with circles of antimony; and so, instead of a real charm, they impart a strange artificial ghastliness to their appearance.

Our countrywomen, in like manner, when a celebrated *belle* came under the pencil of Sir Peter Lely, who exhibited to her emulative rivals the sweet peculiarities of her long and languishing eye, they must needs all have the same; and not a lady could appear in public, be her visual orbs large or small, bright or dull, but she must affect the soft sleepiness, the tender and slowly-moving roll of her subduing exemplar. But

though Sir Peter's gallant pencil deigned to compliment his numerous sitters by drowning their strained aspects after the model of the peerless *belle*, yet, in place of the nature-stamped look of modest languishment, he could not but often recognise the disgraceful leer and hideous squint. Let every woman be content to leave her eyes as she found them, and to make that use of them which was their design. They were intended to see with, and artlessly express the feelings of a chaste and benevolent heart. Let them speak this unsophisticated language, and beauty will beam from the orb which affectation would have rendered odious.

Analogy of reasoning will bring forward similar remarks with regard to the movements of the mouth, which many ladies use, not to speak with or to admit food, but to show dimples and display white teeth. Wherever a desire for exhibition is discovered, a disposition to disapprove and ridicule arises in the spectator. The pretensions of the vain are a sort of assumption over others, which arms the whole world against them. But, after all, "What are the honours of a painted skin?" I hope it will be distinctly understood by my fair friends, that I do not, by any means, give a general license

to painting; on the contrary, that even rouge should only be resorted to in cases of absolute necessity.

GENERAL THOUGHTS ON DRESS AND PERSONAL DECORATION.

"Costly your habit as your purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy,
For the apparel oft proclaims the woman."
SHAKSPEARE.

EVERY person of just observation, who looks back on the fashions of our immediate ancestors, and compares their style of dress with that of the present times, will not hesitate to acknowledge the evident improvement in ease and gracefulness. When I say this, I mean to eulogise the taste which yet prevails with persons of real judgment, to maintain the *ease and gracefulness* of our assumed Grecian mode, against a new race of stay-makers, corset-inventors, &c., who have just armed themselves with whalebone, steel, and buckram, to the utter destruction of all the naturally-elegant shapes which fall into their hands.

Just before this attempted counter-revolution in the world of fashion, we found that our *belles* had gradually exploded the stiffness and formality which distinguished the brocaded dame of 1700, from the lawn-robed fair of the nineteenth century. In former ages it seemed re-

quisite that every lady should cut out her garments by a certain erected standard. All seemed in a livery. One mode for gown, cap, and hat prevailed; and though the materials might be more costly in one than another, the outline was the same; and thus peculiar taste and fine form were lost, in the general prescription of one reigning costume.

But in our days, an Englishwoman has the extensive privilege of arraying herself in whatever garb may best suit her figure or her fancy. The fashions of every nation and of every era are open to her choice. One day she may appear as the Egyptian Cleopatra, then a Grecian Helen; next morning, the Roman Cornelia; or, if these styles be too august for her taste, there are sylphs, goddesses, nymphs of every region, in earth or air, ready to lend her their wardrobe. In short, no land or age is permitted to withhold its costume from the adoption of an Englishwoman of fashion.

> "Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
> The various offsprings of the world appear;
> This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
> And all Arabia breathes from yonder box."

With such a variety to choose from, she has no excuse, if she unite not the excellences of them all. It was so that the sculptor of Paphos

formed the "beauteous statue that enchanted the world." And in like manner female taste accomplishes its object. A judicious dresser will select from each mode that which is most distinguishable for utility and grace, and, combining, adopt them to advantage. This is the art which every woman who casts a thought on these subjects, ought to endeavour to attain.

Elegant dressing is not found in expense; money without judgment may load, but never can adorn. You may show profusion without grace: You may cover a neck with pearls, a head with jewels, hands and arms with rings, bracelets, and trinkets, and yet produce no effect, but having emptied some merchant's counter upon your person. The best chosen dress is that which so harmonizes with the figure as to make the raiment pass unobserved. The result of the finest toilet should be an *elegant woman*, not an elegantly dressed woman. Where a perfect whole is intended, it is a sign of defect in the execution, when the details first present themselves to observation.

In short, the secret of dressing lies in simplicity, and a certain adaptation to your figure, your rank, your circumstances. To dress well on these principles—and they are the only just ones—does not require that extravagant attention to so trivial an object, as is usually exhi-

bited by persons who make the toilet a study. When ladies place the spell of their attraction in their clothes, we generally see them arrayed in robes of a thousand makes and dyes, and curiously constructed of materials brought from, heaven knows where. Thus, much time, thought, and wealth, are wasted on a comparatively worthless object. To lavish many of the precious hours of life in the invention and arrangement of dress, is as criminal an offence as to exhaust the finances of your husband or parents by a thriftless expenditure on its component parts.

The taste I wish to inculcate, is that nicely-poised estimation of things, which shows it "worth our while to do *well*, what it is ever worth our while *to do*." This disposition originates in a correct and delicate mind, and forms a judgment which makes elegance inseparable from propriety; and extending itself from great objects to small, reaches the most apparently insignificant; and thus, even in the change of the morning and evening attire, displays to the considerate observer a very intelligible index of the wearer's well-regulated mind.

"Show me a lady's dressing-room," says a certain writer, "and I will tell you what manner of woman she is." Chesterfield, also, is of

opinion, that a sympathy goes through every action of our lives: he declares, that he could not help conceiving some idea of people's sense and character from the dress in which they appeared when introduced to him. He was so great an advocate for pleasing externals, that he often said, he would rather see a young person too much, than too little dressed, excess, on the foppish side, wearing off with time and reflection; but if a youth be negligent at twenty, it is probable he will be a sloven at forty, and disgustingly dirty at fifty. However this may be with the other sex, I beg leave to observe, that I never yet met with a woman whose general style of dress was chaste, elegant, and appropriate, that I did not find, on further acquaintance, to be, in disposition and mind, an object to admire and love.

This correspondence between the thoughts and the raiment being established, what was before insignificant becomes of consequence; and, being rightly understood, good sense will be as careful not to disparage her discretion, by extravagant dress, as she would to evince a sordid mind, by dirt and rags.

I think I see you, my friends, smile, incredulous, at the last sentence. What gentlewoman, you exclaim, who is above the most abject pe-

cuniary embarrassments, can ever have chance of being so apparelled? A desire of singularity is a sufficient answer. There is a race of women, who, priding themselves on their superior rank, or wealth, or talents, affect to despise what they deem the adventitious aids of dress. Their appearance, in consequence, is frequently as ridiculous as disgusting. When this folly is seen in female authors, or, what is much the same thing, ladies professing a particularly literary taste, we can at once trace its motive,—a conceited negligence of outward attractions, and a determination to raise themselves in the opinions of men, by displaying a contempt for what they deem the vain occupations of meaner souls. Wishing to be thought superior to founding any regard on external ornament, they forget external decency; and by slatternliness and affectation, render what is called a learned woman, a kind of scare-crow to her own sex, and a laughing-stock to the other. This error is not so common now with bookish ladies as it was in the beginning of the last century. Then our sex did, indeed, show that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." They did not imbibe sufficient to imbue them with a sense of its real properties, to show them causes and effects,

to make them understand themselves, and close the book in humility. They, poor short-sighted creatures! exchanged the innocent ignorance of Eve for the empoisoned apple, which, under the cheat of displaying knowledge, fills the eater with a vain self-conceit, while it more openly exposes her mental nakedness to every eye.

The absurdity of their deductions is so obvious, that one wonders how any woman could fall into such an error. Who among them but would think it the height of folly to place over the door of a museum, to which the proprietor wished to attract visitors, the effigy of a monster, so disgusting as to deter men from entering to see what might otherwise have afforded them much pleasure? Such effigies might the slip-shod muses of the days of Anne have given of themselves; but most of the modern female votaries of Minerva, aware of the advantages of a prepossessing appearance, mingle with their incense to the Goddess a few flowers to the Paphian Graces; and, that they gain by the devotion, none who have been admitted to the acquaintance of our British Sapphos and Corinnas, can deny.

There is another class of persons, who neglect their exterior on account of the consequence they derive from their rank; but instances on

such a plea are few, in comparison with the insolent slovenliness of the opposite sex, when, springing from the lower degrees in society, they amass or acquire large fortunes. They aim at notoriety; and common means, such as expense and show, not raising them into an *eclat* beyond their equally rich contemporaries, ambition leads them to seek notice by the assumption of a garb of almost pauper negligence. I remember, some years since, when on a visit at a large seaport town in the north of England, to have been attracted by seeing at the door of a handsome house in one of the principal streets an elegant modern chariot. I stopped, and, to my surprise, saw step into it an old man of the meanest and most dirty appearance. A few days afterwards, while viewing the docks with a gentleman who was an inhabitant of the place, I observed the same wretched-looking person conversing familiarly with a man of the first consequence in the town. I enquired at my friend the name and business of the shabby old fellow, and received the following brief answer. He had been taken, when a boy, from very indigent parents residing in a northern village; and, being a smart lad, was employed in the drudgery of a banking-house belonging to his benefactors. By assiduous application, and a

deep cunning, aided by what is vulgarly called *good luck*, he gradually advanced himself to be one of the firm. Of course his fortune then rose with the house, and his wealth, at the time I saw him, was computed at upwards of a hundred thousand pounds. Yet I am sure that an old-clothesman would not have given half-a-crown for the whole of the apparel (or rather rags) upon his back.

Now, as it is too often the custom with people, in forming an opinion, seldom to go beyond the surface, this modern AVARO was, by many, termed *a man without pride!* Few gave a guess at the real motive of all this studied negligence; but those who investigate the human character, and trace actions to the secret springs of the heart, saw, in this inattention to personal decency, the very acmé of personal pride. I shall prove my position by repeating the usual reply of this old man, when any of his acquaintance ventured to enquire why he wore such tattered garments. "Why," he would answer, "were I to dress as smart as other people, no one would know T. W. from another man."

Men may fall into this mistaken road to distinction, but women who have suddenly become wealthy seldom do. A passion for dress is so common with the sex, that it ought not to be

very surprising, when opulence, vanity, and bad taste meet, that we should find extravagance and tawdry profusion the fruits of the union. And it would be well if a humour for expensive dress were always confined to the fortunate daughters of Plutus; but we too often find this ruinous spirit in women of slender means, and then, what ought to be one of the embellishments of life is turned into a splendid mischief. Alas! my friends, it must come under your own observations, that often does the foolish virgin, or infatuated matron, sell her peace or honour for a ring or a scarf!

A woman of principle and prudence must be consistent in the style and quality of her attire; she must be careful that her expenditure does not exceed the limits of her allowance; she must be aware, that it is not the girl who lavishes the most money on her apparel that is the best arrayed. Frequent instances have I known, where young women, with a little good taste, ingenuity, and economy, have maintained a much better appearance than ladies of three times their fortune. No treasury is large enough to supply indiscriminate profusion; and scarcely any purse is too scanty for the uses of life, when managed by a careful hand. Few are the situations in which a woman can be placed, whe-

ther she be married or single, where some attention to thrift is not expected. High rank requires adequate means to support its consequence—ostentatious wealth, a superabundance to maintain its domineering pretensions; and the middle class, when virtue is its companion, looks to economy to allow it to throw its mite into the lap of charity.

Hence we see, that hardly any woman, however related, can have a right to independent, uncontrolled expenditure; and that, to do her duty in every sense of the word, she must learn to understand and exercise the graces of economy. This quality will be a gem in her husband's eyes; for, though most of the money-getting sex like to see their wives well dressed, yet, trust me, my fair friends, they would rather owe that pleasure to your taste than to their pockets!

Costliness being, then, no essential principle in real elegance, I shall proceed to give you a few hints on what are the distinguishing circumstances of a well ordered toilet.

As the beauty of form and complexion is different in different women, and is still more varied, according to the ages of the fair subjects of investigation; so the styles in dress, while

simplicity is the soul of all, must assume a character corresponding with the wearer.

The seasons of life should be arrayed like those of the year. In the spring of youth, when all is lovely and gay, then, as the soft green, sparkling in freshness, bedecks the earth; so, light and transparent robes, of tender colours, should adorn the limbs of the young beauty. If she be of the Hebe form, warm weather should find her veiled in fine muslin, lawn, gauzes, and other lucid materials. To suit the character of her figure, and to accord with the prevailing mode and just taste together, her morning robes should be of a length sufficiently circumscribed as not to impede her walking; but on no account must they be too short; for, when any design is betrayed of showing the foot or ankle, the idea of beauty is lost in that of the wearer's odious indelicacy. On the reverse, when no show of vanity is apparent in the dress—when the lightly-flowing drapery, by unsought accident, discovers the pretty buskined foot or taper ankle, a sense of virgin timidity, and of exquisite loveliness together, strikes upon the senses; and Admiration, with a tender sigh, softly whispers, "The most resistless charm is modesty!"

In Thomson's exquisite portrait of Lavi-

nia, the prominent feature is modesty. "She was beauty's self," indeed, but then she was "thoughtless of beauty;" and though her eyes were sparkling, "bashful modesty" directed them

> "Still on the ground dejected, darting all
> Their humid beams into the blooming flowers."

The morning robe should cover the arms and the bosom, nay even the neck. And if it be made tight to the shape, every symmetrical line is discovered with a grace so decent, that vestals, without a blush, might adopt the chaste apparel. This simple garb leaves to beauty all her empire; no furbelows, no heavy ornaments, load the figure, warp the outlines, and distract the attention. All is light, easy, and elegant; and the lovely wearer, "with her glossy ringlets loosely bound," moves with the Zephyrs on the airy wing of youth and innocence.

Her summer evening dress may be of a still more gossamer texture; but it must still preserve the same simplicity, though its gracefully-diverging folds may fall like the mantle of Juno, in clustering drapery about her steps. There they should meet the white slipper

> "— of the fairy foot,
> Which shines like snow, and falls on earth as mute."

In this dress, her arms, and part of her neck and bosom, may be unveiled; but only *part*. The eye of maternal decorum should draw the virgin zone to the limit where modesty would bid it rest.

Where beauty is, ornaments are unnecessary; and where it is not, they are unavailing. But as gems and flowers are handsome in themselves, and when tastefully disposed doubly so, a beautiful young woman, if she chooses to share her empire with the jeweller and the florist, may, not inelegantly, decorate her neck, arms, and head, with a string of pearls and a band of flowers.

Female youth, of airy forms and fair complexions, ought to reject, as too heavy for their style of figure, the use of gems. Their ornaments should hardly ever exceed the natural or imitated flowers of the most delicate tribes. The snow-drop, lily of the valley, violet, primrose, myrtle, Provence rose,—these and their resemblances, are embellishments which harmonize with their gaiety and blooming years. The colours of their garments, when not white, should be the most tender shades of green, yellow, pink, blue, and lilac. These when judiciously selected, or mingled, array the graceful

wearer, like another Iris, breathing youth and loveliness.

Should a young woman, of majestic character, enquire for appropriate apparel, she will find it to correspond with her graver and more dignified mien. Her robes should always be long and flowing, and more ample in their folds than those of her gayer sister. Their substance should also be thicker, and of a soberer colour. White is becoming to all characters, and not less so to Juno than to Venus; but when colours are to be worn, I recommend to the lady of majestic deportment, to choose the fuller shades of yellow, purple, crimson, scarlet, black, and gray. The materials of her dress in summer, cambrics, muslins, sarcenets; in winter, satins, velvets, broad cloth, &c. Her ornaments should be embroidery of gold, silver, and precious stones, with fillets and diadems of jewels, and waving plumes.

The materials for the winter dresses of majestic forms, and lightly-graceful ones, may be of nearly similar texture, only differing, when made up, in amplitude and abundance of drapery. Satin, Genoa velvet, Indian silks, and kerseymere, may all be fashioned into as becoming an apparel for the slender figure as for

the more *embonpoint;* and the warmth they afford is highly needful to preserve health during the cold and damps of winter. When it is so universally acknowledged, the indispensable necessity of keeping the body in a just temperature between heat and cold, I cannot but be astonished at the little attention that is paid to so momentous a subject by the people of this climate. I wonder that a sense of personal comfort, aided by the well-founded conviction that health is the only preservative of beauty, and lengthener of youth, that it does not impel women to prefer utility before the absurd whims of an unreasonable fashion.

To wear gossamer dresses, with bare necks and naked arms, in a hard frost, has been the mode in this country, and unless a principle is made against it, may be so again, to the utter wretchedness of them, who, so arraying their youth, lay themselves open to the untimely ravages of rheumatisms, palsies, consumptions, and death.

While fine taste, as well as fashion, decrees that the beautiful outline of a well-proportioned form shall be seen in the contour of a nicely-adapted dress, the divisions of that dress must be few and simple. But, though the hoop and

quilted petticoat are no longer suffered to shroud in hideous obscurity one of the loveliest works in nature, yet all intermediate covering is not to be banished. Modesty, on one hand, and Health, on the other, still maintain the law of "fold on fold."

Some of our fair dames appear, summer and winter, with no other shelter from sun or frost, than one single garment of muslin or silk over their chemise—*if they wear one!* but that is often dubious. The indelicacy of this mode need not be pointed out; and yet, O shame! it is most generally followed. However, common as the crime is, (for who will say that it is not a sin against modesty?) it is quickly visited with its punishment. It loses its aim if it hopes to attract the admiration of manly worth. No eye but that of a libertine can look upon so wanton a figure with any other sensations than those of disgust and contempt: and the end of all her arts being lost, the certainty of an early old age, chronic pains, and deeply-furrowed wrinkles, is thus incurred in vain.

No woman, even in the warmest flush of youth, ought to be prodigal of her charms; she should not "unmask her beauties to the moon;" or unduly expose the vital fluid, which animates

her frame with life and joy. A momentary blast from the east may pierce her filmy robes, wither her bloom, and lay her low.

The *Chemise* (now too frequently banished) ought to be held as sacred by the modest fair as the vestal veil. No fashion should be able to strip her of that decent covering; in short, woman should consider it as the sign of her delicacy, as the pledge of honour to shelter her from the gaze of unhallowed eyes.

This indispensable vesture being once more appropriated to its ancient use, we shall next speak of the stays, or *corsets*. They must be light and flexible, yielding to the shape, while they support it. In warm weather, my fair reader should wear under her gown and slip a light cotton petticoat; these few habiliments are sufficient to impart the softening line of modesty to the defined outline of the form. Health, also, is preserved by their opposing the immediate influence of the atmosphere; and none will deny, that enough of female charms are thus displayed, to gratify the quick, discerning eye of taste.

During the chilling airs of spring and autumn, the cotton petticoat should give place to fine flannel; and in the rigid season of winter, another addition must be made, by rendering the

outer garments warmer in their original texture: for instance, substituting satins, velvets, and rich stuffs, for the lighter materials of summer. And besides these, the use of fur is not only a salutary, but a magnificent and graceful appendage to dress.

Having laid it down as a general principle, that the fashion of the raiment must correspond with that of the figure, and that every sort of woman will not look equally well in the same style of apparel, it will not be difficult to make you understand, that a handsome person may make a freer use of fancy in her ornaments than an ordinary one. Beauty gives effect to all things; it is the universal embellisher, the setting which makes common crystal shine as diamonds. In short, fashion does not adorn beauty, but beauty fashion. Hence, I must warn Delia, that if she be not cast in so perfect a mould as Celia, she must not flatter herself that she can supply the deficiency by gayer or more sumptuous attire. Whims in dress may possibly pass with her, who, "in Parisian mode, or Indian guise, is still the fairest fair!" But caprices of this sort, in a plain woman, only render her defects more conspicuous; and she, who might have been regarded as a very pleasing girl, in an unobtrusive robe of simple elegance,

is ridiculed and despised when descried in the inappropriate plumage of fancy and decoration.

Many men, while listening to the conversation of an ordinary, but sensible young woman, would never see that her hair was harsh, and of a bad colour, were it not interwoven with a wreath of roses. They would not perceive the brownness and want of symmetry in her bosom, did not the sparkling necklace attract their eye to the spot. Neither would it strike them that her hands were coarse and red, did not the pearl bracelets and circles of rings tell them that she meant they should vie with Celia's rose-tipped fingers.

As I recommend a restrained and quiet mode of dress to plain women, so, in gradation as the lovely of my sex advance towards the vale of years, I counsel them to assume a graver habit and a less vivacious air. Cheerfulness is becoming to all times of life, but sportiveness belongs to youth alone; and when the meridian or the decline of our days affects it, is ever heavy and out of place.

Let me show you, my fair friends, by conducting you into the Pantheon of ancient Rome, the images of yourselves at the different stages of your lives. First, behold that lovely Hebe;

her robes are like the air, her motion is on the zephyr's wing: that you may be till you are twenty. Then comes the beautiful Diana. The chaste dignity of the pure intelligence within pervades the whole form, and the very drapery which enfolds it harmonizes with the modest elegance, the buoyant health, which gives elasticity and grace to every limb: here, then, you see yourselves from twenty to thirty. At that majestic age, when the woman of mind looks round upon the world; back on the events which have past, and calmly forward to those which may be to come; all within ought to be settled on the firm basis of religion and sound judgment; and either as a Juno or a Minerva she stands forth in the power of beauty and of wisdom. At this period she lays aside the flowers of youth, and arrays herself in the majesty of sobriety, or in the grandeur of simple magnificence.

Contradictory as the two last terms may at first appear, they are consistent; and a glance on the works of Phidias, and of his best imitators, will sufficiently prove their beautiful union. Long is the reign of this commanding epoch of a woman's age; for from thirty to fifty she may most respectably maintain her

station on this throne of matron excellence. But at that period, when she has numbered half a century, then it becomes her to throw aside "the wimple and the crisping iron, the ornament of silver, and the ornament of gold," and gracefully acknowledging her entrance into the vale of years, to wrap herself in her mantle of gray, and move gently down till she passes through its extremest bourne to the mansions of immortality.

Ah! who is there amongst us, who, having once viewed the reality of this picture, would exchange such blessed relinquishment of the world and all its vanities, for the bolstered back, enamelled cheek, and be-wigged head of a modern old woman, just trembling on the verge of the grave, and yet a candidate for the flattery of men?

It has been most wisely said, (and it would be well if the waning queens of beauty would adopt the reflection,) that there is a *time for every thing!* We may add, that there is a time to be young, a time to be old; a time to be loved, a time to be revered; a time to seek life, and a time to be ready to lay it down.

She who best knows how to fashion herself to these inevitable changes is the only truly,

only lastingly fair. Her beauty is in the mind, and shown in action; and when men cease to admire the woman, they do better, they revere the saint.

ON THE PECULIARITIES OF DRESS, WITH REFERENCE TO THE STATION OF THE WEARER.

"Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires,
And introduces hunger, frost, and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign."

COWPER.

As there is a propriety in adapting your dress to the different seasons of your life, and the peculiar character of your figure, there is likewise a necessity that it should correspond with the station you hold in society.

This is a subject not less of a moral concern than it is a matter of taste. By the universality of finery, and expensive articles in dress, ranks are not only rendered undistinguishable, but the fortunes of moderate families, and of industrious tradesmen, are brought to ruin: the sons become sharpers, and the virtue of the wives and daughters too often follows in the same destruction.

It is not from a proud wish to confine ele-

table, we should not hear of dancing-masters, and music-masters, of French and Italian masters; they would have no time for them. We should not see gaudy robes and glittering trinkets dangling behind the counter, or shining at a Sunday ordinary; we should not be told of the seduction, or ruin of those,

> "Whose modest looks the cottage might adorn,
> Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."

The appearance of these young women would not attract the flatterer; and their simple hearts know not the desires of luxury and vanity.

After having drawn this agreeable picture of her who has well-chosen, I will leave this modern daughter of industry to her discreet and virtuous simplicity; and once more turn to her whose fortune and station render greater change and expense in apparel not only admissible but commendable. A woman with adequate means, when she fills an extensive wardrobe, encourages the arts and manufactures of her country, and replenishes the scanty purse of many a laborious family.

At this period of universal talent, articles of dress may be purchased at a price so insignificant as hardly to be named, or at the vast cost of half a fortune. A pretty muslin gown may be bought by the village girl for a few shil-

lings; while a robe of the same material, but of a finer quality, cannot be purchased by a lady of rank for less than as many guineas. Indian muslin wrought with gold or silver is nearly as costly as the stately brocades of our ancestors, but it is infinitely more elegant.

Indeed, when we look back upon their heavy fashions we cannot but see, that in almost every respect the advantage of the change is on our side. With the stiffness of cloth of gold and embroidered tissues, have also disappeared the enormous pile of hair, furbelows, feathers, diamond towers, windmills, &c. which a certain witty poet used to denominate "the building of the head." Now, easy tresses, the shining braid, the flowing ringlet confined by the *antique* comb, or bodkin, give graceful specimens of the simple taste of modern beauty. Nothing can correspond more elegantly with the untramelled drapery of our newly-adopted classic raiment than this undecorated coiffure of nature.

While we find that the pious Bishop Latimer remonstrated with the females of his time against the monstrous superfluity of their "roundabouts, artificial hips," &c. &c. and recommended to their use the "honest *single* garment;"—our moralists, equally pious, take up the argument on the contrary side, and justly condemn the

too adhesive and transparent robe worn by our contemporary belles! On this subject we must dissent from the venerable reformer of the sixteenth century; and agree with those of the nineteenth, that the *single garment* (as the texture now usually is) is not a meet covering for a christian damsel.

I am sorry to be obliged to call to your observation, my gentle friends, that the modern fair have deviated widely from that medium between the Bacchante and the Vestal, which a discreet candidate for admiration would wish to preserve. The nature of man is prone to extremes; and flying from the heavy farthingale and the stuffed petticoat, women assume almost the Spartan guise; and, not meeting minds in the opposite sex as pure as those in Lacedæmon, no wonder that the chaste matron, called upon to foretell the consequence, should remain silent and veil her head.

"Good sense," says La Rochefoucault, "should be the test of all rule, whether ancient or modern. Whatever is incompatible with good sense must be false." Modesty should, on the same principle, be the test of the propriety of all personal apparel or ornament; for whatever is incompatible with her ordinances, must degrade and betray.

Hence you will perceive, my young readers, that in no case a true friend or lover would wish you to discover to the eye more of the "form divine" than can be indistinctly descried through the mysterious involvements of, at least, three successive folds of drapery. Love, friendship, and real taste, are alike delicate.

To the exposure of the bosom and back, as some ladies display those parts of their person, what shall we say? This mode (like every other which is carried to excess and indiscriminately followed) is not only repugnant to decency, but most exceedingly disadvantageous to the charms of nine women out of ten. The bosom and shoulders of a very young and fair girl may be displayed without exciting much displeasure or disgust; the beholder regards the too prodigal exhibition, not as the act of the youthful innocent, but as the effect of accident, or perhaps the designed exposure of some ignorant dresser. But when a woman, grown to the age of discretion, of her own choice "unveils her beauties to the sun and moon," then, from even an Helen's charms the sated eye turns away loathing.

Were we even in a frantic and impious passion to set virtue aside, policy should direct our damsels to be more sparing of their attractions.

An unrestrained indulgence of the eye robs imagination of her power, and prevents her consequent influence on the heart. And if this be the case where real beauty is exposed, how much more subversive of its aim must be the studied display of an ordinary or deformed figure!

Judgment, as well as decency, declares, that it is sufficient in evening and full-dress to disrobe the back of the neck to the top of the delicate undulation on the rise of the shoulder. Women, according to the fineness of their skins and proportions, must accept or decline the privileges which modesty grants. It is preposterous for her who is of a brown, dingy, or speckled complexion, to disarray her neck and arms, as her fairer rival may. A clear brunette has as much liberty in this respect as the fairest; but not so the muddy-skinned and ill-formed. A candid consideration of our pretensions on these subjects, and an impartial judgment, must decide our style of apparel; and consequently our respectability with the discerning.

Perhaps it is necessary to remind my reader that custom regulates the veiling or unveiling the figure, according to different periods in the day. In the morning the arms and bosom must be completely covered to the throat and

wrists. From the dinner-hour to the termination of the day, the arms, to a graceful height above the elbow, may be bare; and the neck and shoulders unveiled as far as delicacy will allow.

As Cicero said of *action*, so say ye of the essentials of your charms. What is the eloquence of your beauty?—Modesty! What is its first argument?—Modesty! What is its second?—Modesty! What is its third?—Modesty!—What is its peroration, the winding up of all its charms, the striking spell that binds the heart of man to her for ever?—Modesty!!!—In the words of Moore,

> "Let that which charms all other eyes
> Seem worthless in your own!"

Modesty is all in all; for it comprises the beauties of the mind as well as those of the body; and happy is he who finds her!

The bosom, which nature has formed with exquisite symmetry in itself, and admirable adaptation to the parts of the figure to which it is united, has been transformed into a shape, and transplanted to a place, which deprives it of its original beauty and harmony with the rest of the person. This hideous metamorphosis has been effected by means of newly-invented stays, or corsets, which, by an extraordinary construc-

tion and force of material, force the figure of the wearer into whatever form the artist pleases.

Curiosity may incline you to wish to know something better of these buckram machines, that you may form an idea of their intention, use, or rather inutility. I will satisfy you by describing them to the best of my power.

The leader in this arming phalanx is usually called *long-stay*. And its announcement to the female world, if not by drum or trumpet, furnishes not only much matter for oratory in the advertisement, but a no inconsiderable fund of merriment to the readers of these curious performances. For instance, "Mrs and Miss L. P. have willed it, and it is done at their house," &c. &c. Here follows a list of their *improved long stay, pregnant stay, divorces*, &c. &c. O! female delicacy, where is thy blush, when thou lookest on such exposure of the chaste reserves of thy person!

The first time my eyes met these words so coupled, I was seized with that honest shuddering which every delicate woman ought to feel at seeing the parts and situations of her person which modesty bids her conceal, thus dragged before the imagination of the opposite sex. The pure must read it with the frown of disgust—the impure with the smile of ridicule.

To this moment, though I find that nothing disrespectful to modesty was *meant* by the advertisement, I cannot approve of the terms in which it is written; for it is my opinion, (and I am so happy as to be supported in it by the sanction of the wisest moralists,) that, rob woman of her delicate reserves, and you take from her one of the best strongholds of her chastity. You deprive her of her sweet attractive mysteries; you lay open to the eye of love the arcana of her toilet, the infirmities of her nature; the enchantment is broken, and "the bloom of young desire, the purple light of the soul's enthusiasm," expire at the disclosure.

To please my still curious readers, I will still farther displease myself, and enter more circumstantially into a detail of these strange appendages to a female wardrobe.

But before I proceed with my remarks on the *long stay*, (the ringleader of the rest,) I will so far rescue the intention of its constructors from any *design* to excite improper ideas by the words of their advertisement, as to explain to you the proposed usefulness of the inventions denominated *pregnant stay* and *divorces*.

The first is a *corset* or *stay* of dimity, or jean, or silk, reaching from the shoulders down to the waist, and over the hips, to the complete enve-

lopement of the body. It is rendered of more than ordinary power by elastic bones, &c. which, introduced between the lining and covering of the *stay*, bring it into something of the consistency and shape of an ancient warrior's hauberk. This new-fashioned coat of mail for the fair sex is so constructed, as to compress and reduce to the shape desired the natural prominence of the female figure in a state of fruitfulness. Some women, who are bold enough to wear this Procrustean garb during every stage of their pregnancy, affirm that it preserves their shape without injury to their state of increase. However this may be with a few hardy individuals, I profess myself no proselyte to the innovation, as it must necessarily put a degree of restraint upon the operations of nature, very likely to produce bad effects both on the mother and the child.

Support and confinement to an overstrained part are two different things; the one is beneficial, the other destructive. And this I can assure my readers, that I ever have remarked those married women who have longest maintained their virgin forms were those who, in a state of maternal increase, observed a proper medium between a too relaxed and a too contracted boddice.

Nature in these concerns is our best guide;

and when she dictates to us to provide against the possible disagreeable consequences of any of her operations, it is well to obey her; but when a fastidious, and, allow me to say, an indelicate, regard to personal charms would excite you to brace with ribs of whalebone the soft mould of your unborn infant; or when it has, in spite of these arts, burst its prison-house alive, you seek to deprive it of the nourishment your breast prepares, then remember that you perform not the duty of a mother, but show yourself rather egregiously guilty of wantonness and unpardonable cruelty.

No person living can feel a more lively admiration than that which animates me at the sight of a beautiful form,

> —"rife
> With all we can imagine of the sky."

I behold in it the work of a most perfect being—the accomplishment of one of his fairest designs. He seems to show in earthly mould the lovely transcript of the angels of heaven; she looks, she breathes, of innocence and sweet unconscious beauty. But when I cast my eyes on women issuing from the house of a modern manufacturer of shapes; when I see the functions of nature impeded by bands and ligatures; when

I behold the abode of virgin modesty thrust forward to the gaze of the libertine; when I observe the pains taken to attract his eye, I turn away disgusted, and blush for my sex.

Vile as these meretricious arts are, they are not less dangerous to health than to morals. The constant pressure of such hard substances as whalebone, steel, &c. upon so susceptible a part as the bosom, is very likely, in the course of a very short time, to produce all the horrid consequences of abscesses, cancers, &c.; on their miseries I need not to descant.

On the *long stay* I shall now make a few remarks, arising from the observations I have been enabled to make on the ladies of various ages and figures whom I have known wear it. To the woman whose waning charms set in an exuberance of flesh, perhaps the support of this adventitious aid is an advantage. But in that case its stiffening should rather be cord quilted in the lining, or very thin whalebone, than either steel or iron. In all situations, the boddice should be flexible to the motion of the body and the undulations in the shape; and it should never be *felt* to *press* upon any part.

Thus far we may tolerate the adoption of this buckram suit for elderly, or excessively *embonpoint* ladies; but for the *growing* girl (whom, I

am sorry to say, mothers not unfrequently imprison in these machines,) it is both unrequired and mischievous.

Before nature has completed her work in the perfection of the youthful figure, she is checked in her progress by the impediment which the valves, bands, &c. of the *long stay* throw in her way. Those finely-rounded points which mark the distinction and the grace of the female form, and which the artist, enamoured of beauty, delights to delineate with the nicest accuracy, are, by the constant pressure of these *stays*, rendered indistinct, and in a short time are entirely destroyed.

Let, then, the *long stay* be restricted to the too abundant mass of fattening matronhood; so may art restrain the excesses, not of nature, but of disease. Unwieldy flesh was never yet seen in a perfectly healthy person. It generally arises either from intemperance overloading the functions of life, or dissipation decomposing them.

Let the *padded corset* rectify the defects of the deformed; but where nature has given the outline of a well-constructed form, forbear to traverse her designs. Youth should be left to spring up, unconfined, like the young cedar;

and when the hand of man, or accident, does not distort the pliant stem, it will grow erect and firm, spreading its beautiful and cheerful shade over the heads of its planters.

ON THE DETAIL OF DRESS.

"We have run
Through every change, that fancy at the loom
Exhausted has had genius to supply;
And studious of mutation still, discard
A real elegance a little used
For monstrous novelty and strange disguise."

COWPER.

THERE are few things in which our sex can discover more taste than in the choice of the apparel which may best accord with their several styles of figures and features; but we frequently see the direct opposite of good judgment in their selections, and behold between the person and the attire a complete and laughable incongruity.

Some women will actually disguise and disfigure themselves, rather than not appear in the prevailing fashion, which, though advantageous to one character of face, may have the direct contrary effect with another. I hinted at this in the earlier part of this dissertation; now I come closer to my subject, intending to enter into a minute detail of what ought or ought not to

be worn by women of different moulds and complexions.

If Daphne have the features of a Siddons, and Amaryllis those of a Jordan, the style which agrees with the one must ill accord with the other. The like harmony must be maintained between the complexion and the colours we wear; for it is in these minutiæ which, like the nice and almost imperceptible touches of the ingenious artist, produce a complete and faultless whole. That a handsome woman may disfigure herself by an injudicious choice or disposition of her attire; and a plain one counteract the errors of nature, so as to render herself at least agreeable, almost every experienced observer has witnessed. We may therefore conclude, that beauty with a bad taste is far less desirable than a good taste without beauty.

"What an awkward creature is that!" said a gentleman to me the other evening at a supper, and pointing to a *slatternly* beauty who sat opposite, with her chin nearly reposing on her bosom, and her shoulders drawn up almost to her ears. "Yonder is a very elegant woman!" observed he, directing my attention to a lady who, critically considered, was rather ordinary; but by her judicious style of dress, her unstu-

died graces of deportment, claimed universal admiration.

To support my arguments with those of a lady whose taste is best evinced by her own personal elegance, I shall give you a short extract from a little tract of hers, which, like the divine Psyché of Mrs Tighe, has been only permitted to meet the eyes of a favoured few.

"Who is there among us that has not witnessed a beautiful woman so apparelled as to render her rather an object of pity and ridicule than of admiration? How often do we see simplicity and youthful loveliness obscured by a redundancy of ornaments! How often do the robust and healthy, the majestic and the gay, the pensive and the sportive, follow the same mode; marring, mingling, and mangling without mercy, and without taste; regardless of discrimination, appropriation, or judgment; to the total overthrow of the attractions which nature liberally bestowed! Do not these ladies perceive that each style of personal beauty has a distinct character to support? That a tasteful adaptation will enforce the stamp which nature has impressed? Let us then admonish the female whose beauty is of the fair, pale, and interesting cast, not to render her appearance insipid by the overpowering hues of robes, man-

tles, pelisses, &c. of amber, orange, grass-green, crimson, or rose-colour. This soft style of beauty makes its appeal to our most delicate perceptions; all grossness of colour displeases them; and therefore should not be admitted in the articles of her dress.

"Grass-green, though a colour exceedingly pleasing and refreshing in itself, jaundices the complexion of the pale woman to such a degree, as to excite little other sensations in the beholder than compassion for the poor invalid. Such females should, in general, choose their robes of an *entire colour;* and when they wear white garments, they should animate them with draperies, mantles, scarfs, ribbons, &c. of pale-pink, blossom-colour, celestial blue, lilac, dove-colour, and primrose; leaving full green, deep blue, and purple, to the florid; and amber, scarlet, orange, flame-colour, and deep rose, to the brunette.

"Thus much we offer in the suitable appropriations of colours. We shall now proceed to say something on the prevailing fashions of the day; and though we may fairly congratulate our countrywomen on their taste and improvement in this particular, yet here also the regulating hand of judgment, the nice and discriminating effects of genius, and the directing in-

fluence of a delicate and just taste, become most importantly necessary.

"The mantle, or cottage-cloak, should never be worn by females exceeding a moderate *embonpoint;* and we should recommend their winter garbs, such as Russian pelisses and Turkish wraps, to be formed of double sarsnet, or fine Merina cloth, rather than velvets, which (except black) give an appearance of increased size to the wearer. In the adoption of furs, flat-ermine, or fringe fur, is better suited to the full-formed woman than swan's-down, fox, chinchilla, or sable; these are graceful for the more slender. Women of a spare habit, and of a tall and elegant height, will derive considerable advantage from the full-flowing robe, mantle, and Roman tunic. The fur trimming, too, gives to them an appearance of roundness which nature has denied; and to this description of person we can scarcely recommend an evening dress more chaste, elegant, and advantageous, than robes of white satin, trimmed with swan's-down, with draperies of silver or gossamer net. The antique head dress, or Queen Mary *coif*, is best adapted to the Roman and Grecian line of feature. The Chinese hat and Highland helmet are becoming to countenances of a rounder and more playful contour.

"We have frequently, in our observations, found occasion to lament, in the present style of female dress, a want of that proper distinction which should ever be attended to in the several degrees of *costume*. For instance, the short gown, so appropriate and convenient for walking, and pursuing morning avocations or exercises, intrudes beyond its sphere when seen in the evening or full dress. It is in the splendid drawing-room that the train robe appears with all that superiority which gives pre-eminence to grace, and dignity to beauty.

"Why should these pleasingly-varying distinctions be neglected? The long sleeve, too, (now so universal in almost every order of dress,) belongs with strict propriety only to the domestic habit. These are inattentions or faults which a correct taste will quickly discover, and easily rectify. It is dangerous to level distinctions in one case, and disadvantageous in the other. There should be a just and reasonable discipline in trifles, as well as in matters of higher import. There is a vast deal more in things of seeming insignificance than is commonly imagined. Subjects of importance, high achievements, and glorious examples, strike every beholder; but there are few who reflect that it is by perseverance, and attention to comparative trifles, that

mighty deeds are performed, and that great consequences are ultimately produced.

"A correct taste is ever the concomitant of a chaste mind; for, as a celebrated author has justly observed, *our taste commonly declines with our merit.* A correct taste is the offspring of all that is delicate in sentiment and just in conception; it softens the inflexibility of truth, and decks reason in the most persuasive garments.

"A walking-dress cannot be constructed too simply. All attractive and fancy articles should be confined to the carriage-dress, or dinner and evening apparel. We shall here particularly address the order of females who may not have the luxury of a carriage, and yet be within the rank of gentlewomen. This class composes treble the number of those to whom fortune has bestowed the appendages of equipages and retinue. We shall, in our observations, particularly aim at increasing their respectability, by leading them to adopt a style of adornment which, while it combines fashion and elegance, shall be remarkable only for its neatness and simplicity.

"It has been said that the love of dress is natural to the sex; and we see no reason why any female should be offended with the assertion. 'Dress,' says an author on the subject,

'is the natural finish of beauty. Without dress a handsome person is a gem, but a gem that is not set.' Dress, however, must be subject to certain rules; be consistent with the graces, and with nature. By attention to these particulars, is produced that agreeable exterior which pleases, we know not why,—which charms, even without that first and powerful attraction, beauty.

"Fashion, in her various flights, frequently soars beyond the reach of propriety. Good sense, taste, and delicacy, then make their appeal in vain. Her despotic and arbitrary sway levels and confounds. Where is delicacy? where is policy? we mentally exclaim, when we see the fair inconsiderate votary of fashion exposing, unseemly, that bosom which good men delight to imagine the abode of innocence and truth. Can the gaze of the voluptuous, the unlicensed admiration of the profligate, compensate to the woman of sentiment and purity for what she loses in the estimation of the moral and the just?

"But, delicacy apart, what shall we say to the blind conceit of the robust, the coarse, the waning fair-one, who thus obtrude the ravages of time upon the public eye? Let us not offend. We wish to lead to conviction, not to awaken resentment. Fashion must, in these instances, have borrowed the bondage of fortune, and so

blinded her votaries against the sober dictates of reason, the mild dignity of self-respect.

"There is a mediocrity which bounds all things, and even fixes the standard which divides virtue from bombast. Let us, therefore, in every concern, endeavour to observe this happy temperature. Let the youthful female exhibit, without shade, as much of her bust as shall come within the limits of fashion, without infringing on the borders of immodesty. Let the fair of riper years appear less exposed. To sensible and tasteful women a hint is merely required. They need not very close instructions, for at once they perceive, combine, and adopt, with judgment and delicacy. The rules of propriety are followed, as it were, instinctively by them; and their example is so impressed on the generality of our lovely countrywomen, (who, too often and inconsiderately, follow the vagaries of fashion with, perhaps, ridiculous avidity,) that we thus take upon us to correct the irregularities of the many, in hopes that the judicious few will embrace grace, and make it universal.

"Far be it from us to lead the female mind from its solemn engagements to the pursuit of comparative nothings. But there is a time and place for all things, and for every innocent purpose under heaven; and on these grounds we do

not see why a female should not blend the agreeable with the estimable.

"There are persons who neglect their dress from pride, and a desire to attract by a careless singularity; but wherever this is the case, depend on it something is wrong in the mind. Lavater has observed, that persons habitually attentive to their attire display the same regularity in their domestic affairs. 'Young women,' he continues, 'who neglect their toilet, and manifest little concern about dress, indicate a general disregard of order; a mind but ill adapted to the detail of house-keeping; a deficiency of taste, and of the qualities that inspire love:—they will be careless in every thing. The girl of eighteen who desires not to please, will be a slut, or a shrew, at twenty-five. Pay attention, young men, to this sign; it never yet was known to deceive.'

"Hence we see that the desire of exhibiting an amiable exterior is essentially requisite in woman. It is to be received as an unequivocal symbol of those qualities which we seek in a wife; it indicates cleanliness, sweetness, a love of order, and of universal propriety. What, then, is there to censure in a moderate consideration of dress?—Nothing. We may blame when we find extravagance, profusion, misappropria-

tion; the tyranny of fashion, slavery to vanity; in short, bad taste!

"Let us then urge the British fair to that elegant simplicity, that discriminating selection, which combines fashion, utility, and grace. Thus shall the inventive faculty of genius be honoured and encouraged, and industry receive the reward of its ingenuity and labours.

"We shall now proceed to notice the present articles which claim fashionable pre-eminence, and give some useful hints on their application.

"As a walking habit, we know of none in summer which is more graceful than the lightly flowing shade of lace or finest muslin. And in winter no invention can exceed the Trans-Baltic coat or Lapland-wrap. These comfortable shields from the cold are usually formed of cloth or velvet, with deep collars and cuffs of sable, or other well-contrasted fur. Ladies of the first nobility usually have them lined throughout with the same costly skins. These garments wrap over the figure in front; sometimes they have them without other ornament than their bordering furs; and at others, fasten them with magnificent clasps and buckles. We have seen one of these coats (or, as northern travellers denominate them, *shoubs*,) on a fe-

male of high rank, composed of crimson-velvet, with deep cuffs, cape and collar of spotted ermine, and a deep border of the same down the sides. It had a superb effect; and with the imperial helmet-hat of the same material, exhibited one of the most sumptuous carriage costumes that can be imagined.

"When this dress is adopted by the pedestrian fair, we recommend it to be of a more sober hue, and that the bonnet should be of the provincial poke or cottage form.

"Short women destroy the symmetry of their forms, and encumber their charms, with redundancy of ornament, either in their morning or evening attires. A little woman, befeathered and furbelowed, looks like a queen of the Bantam tribe; and we dare not approach her for fear of ruffling her plumes. Feathers are much in vogue; and though formerly a symbol of full dress, are now often a mark of graceful negligence, and are seen falling carelessly, and floating with ease; they kiss the rosy cheek of youth and health; or, less courteous, steal the vermilion from the painted face of fading maturity, as fanned by the spiteful breeze they wave from her bonneted head in the gay promenade.

"We love to see our countrywomen remarkable for elegance and modesty, as well as beauty.

Englishmen, accustomed to objects of undisputed loveliness, aim at something beyond the surface of external charms; they require that all should be fair within.

"Hear what a male writer has observed on the fashion of exposing the bosom! 'A woman, proud of her beauty,' says he, 'may possibly be nothing but a coquette; one who makes a public display of her *bosom*, is something worse.' This writer insinuates too much; for we believe that so far from our females being actuated in this case by any unbecoming motive, they too commonly act from no motive at all; save that blind and mistaken one which we have so much condemned—*the heedless adoption of an absurdity, because it is the fashion!* But let the inconsiderate beauty remember, that where two motives can be assigned to an action, the world will generally adopt that which is least favourable!"

Though I have made this extract, which enters so intimately into the secrets of the toilet, and descants so engagingly on its attractive subject, I must desire that it may not be supposed I would seek to create an inordinate degree of care respecting that which is comparatively of no account, when placed in competition with the indispensable qualities and acquire-

ments which ought to adorn the Christian maid. I would have my fair friends be fully impressed with the truth, that it is not she who spends the most time at her toilet that is usually the best dressed; a too zealous care generally subverts the effect it was meant to produce. It is very easy to "varnish till the painting disappears." A multiplicity of ornaments ever distracts the attention, and detracts from feminine loveliness. They are regarded as a sort of *make weights* in a scale, where nature must have been a niggard to render them necessary.

In the like manner, a diversity of colours bespeaks vulgarity of taste, and a mind without innate elegance or acquired culture. Where doubt may be about this or that hue being becoming or genteel, (as it is very possible it may neither be the one nor the other,) let the puzzled beauty leave both, and securely array herself in simple white, "pure as her mind." That primeval hue never offends, and frequently is the most graceful robe that youth and loveliness can wear. "It is inconceivable," says a writer on the subject, "how much the colour of a gown or a shawl may heighten or destroy the beauty of a complexion; and how much the sex in general neglect these (to them) important particulars." Every consideration must

yield to the prevailing mode; and to this tyrant all advantages are sacrificed. Women no longer consult their figures, but the whim of the moment; and it is sufficient for them that the Duchess of D——, or the Marchioness of E——, appeared in *murry* colour or *coquelicot*, to make all the *belles* in England, black, brown, or fair, array themselves in the same livery.

Nothing contributes more to the setting forth of the beauties of a complexion than the choice of the colours opposed to it. Women should not only be nice in this adaptation, but they must be careful that the different shades or hues they admit in the various parts of their garments should accord with each other.

Here it is that we distinguish the woman of taste from the hoyden, ready to employ a pedlar's pack upon her shoulders. To attempt to contrast two shades of the same colour, has in general a very harsh effect; indeed I never saw it harmonize in the least, except in the case of two greens as a trimming; or in the beautiful blending of nature in the form and hues of flowers.

It is also not unworthy of remark, that colours which are to make a part of evening apparel ought to be chosen by candle-light; for if in the morning, forgetful of the influence of dif-

ferent lights on these things, you purchase a robe of pale yellow, purple, lilac, or rose colour, you will be greatly disappointed when at night it is observed to you that your dress is either dingy, foxy, or black.

The harmonious assortment of well-chosen colours was once quite a science amongst women; and even now it may not only be considered as a specimen of delicate taste, but a proof of that genius, which, if cultivated, might distil the hues of Iris over the animated canvass fraught with beauty and life.

This union of a thousand dyes, "by nature's pure and cunning hand laid on," cannot be found in greater perfection than in the resplendent lap of summer; then the earth teems with gay enchantment, and presents to the fair wanderers through her fragrant bowers the loveliest raiment for their beauties. This animating and native ornament, so interesting and charming in itself, should ever find a place on the toilet of youth. How can a beauteous young woman (the fairest production of creation) be more suitably adorned than with this sweet apparel of the fairest season? It is uniting "sweets to the sweet." Flowers recall so many pleasing images to the mind, that when a beholder sees them he is ever put in a temper to admire; and,

when they are found blended with the beauties of a lovely girl, the effect is irresistible.

The simple wreath of roses, the jessamine, the lily of the valley, the snow-drop, the brilliant ranunculus, and a long train of rival sweets, offer themselves at the shrine of female taste. From this rich assemblage are selected and formed those delicious garlands which deck the snowy brows of Celia, which twine with Chloe's golden hair. From this fair parterre we collect the variegated *bouquet*, which, reposing on the bosom of beauty, mingles its fragrant breath with hers.

This tender, this exquisite sweetness, which we inhale from the lily, the rose, or the violet, is far preferable to all the extracted perfumes that ever were wafted "from Indus to the pole." They are not only purer and more balmy; but, when, on approaching a lovely woman, we find, not only our eye delighted with the sight of beauty, but our senses "wrapped in the sweet embrace of soft perfumes;" when it is not the preconcerted fragrancy of essences drawn from east to west, and poured upon the fair with the design to *affect our senses;* then we yield ourselves to the lovely breathing of nature. We see her in the charming creature before us, blooming in youth and freshness; we feel her

in the thousand odours of Paradise emanating from the newly-plucked flowers, which seem to share her being, imbibing and partaking sweetness.

Amidst the variety of materials with which women decorate their persons, there is not one that requires greater discrimination in the use than those articles of jewelry which we denominate trinkets. Here good taste, the general regulatrix, now resumes her sway. The blind directress of the luxuriant imagination gives grace to solidity, and consequence to trifles. Her magic spirit breathes in the laurels of the hero, dwells on the lip of oratory, and sparkles in the gem that decorates the fair!

To women of the most exalted as well as of the more humble ranks, we recommend a moderate, rather than a profuse, display of conspicuous and showy ornaments. A well-educated taste ought to open the eyes of a woman to be a tolerably correct judge of the perfections or imperfections of her own person; and by that judgment she ought to regulate the adoption or rejection of striking decoration.

It is well to remind my youthful reader that she can never learn these truths (when they are on the defective side) but from the decisions of her own impartial mind. Few women, much

less men, would venture to say to an improperly dressed young lady,—"Madam, your fingers are too clumsy to wear with advantage that brilliant ring;—your neck and arms are too meagre, discoloured, or coarse, to adopt the pearl bracelet or necklace; unless, indeed, you soften the contrast by putting a lace shirt and long sleeves between your skin and the pearls." These observations would place the too frank adviser in a similar situation with that of Gil Blas when correcting the manuscripts of the conceited *Prelate of Granada;*—and, therefore, we cannot expect that any friend should run the risk of incurring our resentment, when they might retain our favour by only permitting us to make ourselves as ridiculous as we please.

Let me then, in the light of an *author*, who cannot be supposed, in a general address, to mean any individual personal reflections, admonish my readers, one and all, not to neglect composing their complexions with the hues and brilliancy of the gems offered to them to wear. Clear brunettes shine with the greatest lustre when they adopt pearls, diamonds, topazes, and bright amber. The fair beauty may also wear all these with advantage, while she exclusively claims as her own, emeralds, garnets, amethysts, rubies, onyxes, &c. &c. Cor-

nelian, coral, and jet, may be worn by either; but certainly produce the most pleasing effect on the rose and lily complexion.

Ornaments and trimmings of silver are to be preferred to gold, when intended for the fair beauty. The white lustre of the first of these costly metals harmonizes better with delicacy of skin than the glaring effulgence of the gold. By a parity of reasoning, gold agrees better with the brunette, as its yellow and flaming hue lights up the fire of her eyes, and exhibits her complexion in the brightest contrast.

If the *clavicle*, or collar-bone, be too apparent, either from accidental thinness or original shape, remedy the defect by letting the necklace fall immediately into the cavity which the ungraceful projection occasions. But should this bone protrude itself to an absolutely ugly extent, I would recommend the neck to be completely covered by a lace handkerchief and frill; for its exposure would only give a bad specimen of a figure which may be, in every other part, of a just and fine proportion.

If the prevailing fashion be to reject the long sleeve, and to partially display the arm, let the glove advance considerably above the elbow, and there be fastened with a drawing-string, or armlet. But this should only be the case when

the arm is muscular, coarse, or scraggy. When it is fair, smooth, and round, it will admit of the glove being pushed down to a little above the wrists.

There is perhaps no single beauty of the female form which obtains so much admiration as a well-proportioned foot and ancle. Possibly the liveliness of this sentiment may be increased in this instance by the rarity of the perfection being found amongst the British fair.

There is a *je ne scai quoi* in a fine ancle, which seems to assure the gazer that the whole of the form of which it is a sample, is shaped with the same exquisite grace. A heavy leg and foot seems to hint that the whole of the limbs which the drapery conceals are in a gravitating proportion with their clumsy foundations; and where we see ponderosity of body, we are apt to conclude that there is equal heaviness in mind and feelings. This may be an unjust mode of reasoning, but it is a very common one; and so I account for the general prejudice against any unusual weight in the lower extremities.

When we consider that it required the famous sculptor of Greece to collect the most beautiful virgins from every part of his country before he could find a living model for every part of his projected statue of perfect beauty;

when we consider this, that the very native land of female charms could not produce one woman completely faultless in her form—how can we be so unreasonable as to demand such perfection in a daughter of Britain?

Let not the other sex scrutinize too closely, nor demand that universal and correct symmetry in their wives and daughters, which was never yet found but in the elaborately chiseled models of the sculptor's study.

It must not, however, be presumed from what I have said, that the generality of other countries are happier in the beautiful formation of their women's forms than England, or that the British fair are at all more notorious than many other nations for heavy feet and legs. So far from it, there are ladies in England with feet and ancles of so delicate a symmetry, that there is nothing in modelling or in marble to excel their perfection. But to make a display of them—to exhibit them by unusually short petticoats, and draw attention by extraordinary gay attire, is an instance of immodesty and ill-taste, which attracts contempt instead of admiration. Men despise her for her impropriety, and envious women have a fair subject on which to ground their detractions.

In short, it can never be sufficiently inculcated, that modesty is the most graceful ornament of beauty.

"She that has that, is clad in complete steel."

Be the foot eminently handsome, or the reverse, it alike requires to be arrayed soberly. Except on certain brilliant occasions, its shoe should be confined to grave and clean-looking colours; of the first, black, greys, and browns; of the last, white, nankeen, pale-blue, green, &c., according to the colour of the dress, and the time of day. I should suppose it almost useless to say, that (except in a carriage) the dark colours ought to be preferred in a morning. To be sure, there is nothing out of character in wearing nankeen shoes or half-boots in the early part of the day, even in walking, provided the other parts of your dress be spotless white, or of the same buff hue. The other delicate colours I have mentioned above (I repeat, except in a carriage) are confined to evening dresses. Red morocco, scarlet, and those very vivid hues, cannot be worn with any propriety until winter, when the colour of the mantle or pelisse may sanction its fulness. On brilliant assembly nights, or court drawing-rooms, the spangled, or diamond-decorated slip-

per has a magnificent and appropriate effect. But for the raiment of the leg, we totally disapprove, at all times, of the much ornamented stocking.

The open-wove clock and instep, instead of displaying fine proportion, confuse the contour; and may produce an impression of gaiety, but exclude that of beauty, whose rays always strike singly. But if the clock be a coloured or a gold one, as I have sometimes seen, how glaring is the exhibition! how coarse the association of ideas it produces in the fancy! Instead of a woman of refined manners and polished habits, your imagination reverts to the gross and revolting females of Portsmouth-point, or Plymouth-dock; or at least to the hired opera-dancer, whose business it is to make her foot and ankle the principal object which characterises her charms, and attracts the *coup d'œil* of the whole assembly.

If I may give my fair friends a hint on this delicate subject, it would be that the finest rounded ankles are most effectually shown by wearing a silk stocking *without any clock*. The eye then slides easily over the unbroken line, and takes in all its beauties. But when the ankle is rather large, or square, then a pretty unobtrusive net clock, of the same colour as the

stocking, will be a useful division, and induce the beholder to believe the perfect symmetry of the parts. A very thick leg cannot be disguised or amended; and in this case I can only recommend absolute neatness in the dressing of the limb, and petticoats so long that there is hardly a chance of its ever being seen.

One cause of *thick ankles* in young women is want of exercise, and abiding much in overheated rooms. Standing too long has often the same effect, by subjecting the limb to an unnatural load, and therefore to swelling. The only preventive, or cure, for this malady, is a strict attention to health. You might as well expect to see a rose-bush spring, bud, and bloom, in a closely-pent oven, as anticipate fine proportions and complexion from a long continuance of the exotic fashions of modern days.

If a girl wishes to be well-shaped and well-complexioned, she must use due exercise *on foot*. Horseback is an excellent auxiliary, as it gives much the same degree of motion, with double the animation, in consequence of the change of air, and variation of objects; but carriage exercise is so little, that we cannot recommend it to any case that is short of an absolute invalid. A woman in respectable health must *walk*, to maintain her happy temperament. By this she will

still more consolidate her solids, and preserve the shape with which nature has kindly endowed her. If it was originally fine, it will remain; and if it was but ordinary, it will at least save itself from growing deformed.

ON DEPORTMENT.

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love."—MILTON.

HAVING discoursed so largely on form and apparel, I shall now throw together a few hints on that indispensable assistant-grace of beauty, an elegant and appropriate air.

This subject should be particularly considered; and the arguments from such reflections strongly enforced on the attention of young women. There is scarcely an observer of manners and their effects, who will not maintain that the most beautiful and well-dressed woman will soon cease to please, unless her charms are accompanied with the ineffable enchantment of a graceful demeanour. A pretty face may be seen every day, but grace and elegance, being generally the offspring of a polished mind, are more distinguished.

While we exult in the pre-eminent beauty of our fair countrywomen; while we talk of their lilies and roses, and downy skins; we

cannot but shrink from comparison when we bring their manners in parallel with the females of other nations, who have not half their corporeal advantages.

I am not going to deny, that in this land of beauty, (a land to which a certain cardinal, many centuries ago, gave the appellation of *the native paradise of angels!*) we shall find the fair

> "Fitted to shine in courts, or walk the shade,
> With innocence and contemplation join'd."

There are many lovely women of all ranks in England who merit this encomium: but I am not writing an eulogium on these happy exceptions; I feel it my duty to admonish the general race of my female contemporaries. To the rising generation I especially address myself; and when the young belle in her teens listens to the suggestions of experience, perhaps the advice may not be quite so unpalatable, when she understands that it comes from one who has studied the graces at more than one of the courts of the Bourbons; and, since their dispersion, has followed the flight of elegance wherever it was to be found.

The *awkward, reserved* air of the early part of the last century has given way, not to *grace* and *frankness*, but to an *unblushing impudence*,

which is the very assassin of female virtue and connubial honour. Think not I am too severe, ye indulgent mothers! regard me not as a cynic, ye thoughtless daughters of imitation! I mean not to arraign your hearts, but your manners; I seek to pluck the garb of Phryné from your chaste and christian shoulders. Who, that is an actress, when called upon to perform the part of spotless *Virginia*, would rush upon the stage half naked, dancing, rolling her eyes as if intoxicated, and flirting with every officer of the *pretorian guard* who crossed her path? In such a case, should we not call the actress mad? or say, "If such were Virginia, he performed a rash and unnecessary act, who avenged the insulted person of such a wanton on the first magistrate of Rome!"

Yet such Virginias are our Virginias! and to see a modest, abashed, retiring, blushing girl enter one of our assemblies, is as uncommon a sight as now and then an embassy from a foreign land. The modern taste for exhibitions of all kinds is the chief source of this depravity; a girl is no longer taught to dance that she may move easily in the occasional festivities of her neighbourhood, and enjoy the graceful exercise of a birth-day or a race ball, without annoying the movements of her companions. No! these

are not sufficient: she takes her lessons of the *corps de ballet*, that she may present herself in the ball-room or on a stage; and while the motions of her limbs, and the exposure of her person, scandalize every discreet matron present, she believes herself the object of general admiration, the very *ne plus ultra* of the art. In like manner, her musical talents are cultivated. She does not learn to compose, with her sweet lullaby, the unquiet hours of old age or of sickness, to rest and sleep: enough for her relations, father, brothers, husband, that she practises all day the crude and disagreeable parts of her lessons. It is for the guest, the gay assembly, the concert of *amateurs*, that she reserves her harmonies, and to them she sings and plays till she believes *herself* the tenth muse, and *them* her adorers.

Can we be surprised that from such an education should be produced the vain, the conceited, the presumptuous, the impudent?

To check this growing evil, by showing the young candidate for admiration what is "woman's best knowledge and her praises;" to show her what is indeed the proper, the graceful, the winning deportment, is the design of these few following pages; and I trust that my young reader will receive them as the admonition of

a tender and experienced parent, and not allow "a mother's precepts to be vain!"

Having laid it down as a first principle, that no demeanour, whether in a princess or a country girl, can be becoming that is not grounded in *feminine delicacy*, I shall proceed to show, that a different deportment is expected from different persons. Certain characteristics of persons are suited to certain styles of manner; and also the same demeanour does not agree as well with the steward's daughter as the squire's bride.

As in a former chapter I have particularized the dresses which are adapted to the gay and the grave, so in the next I propose pointing out the appropriate miens which belong to the various degrees of beauty and classes of society.

PECULIARITIES IN CARRIAGE AND DEMEANOUR.

"By her graceful walk, the Queen of Love is known."
VIRGIL.

As order is the beautiful harmonizer of the universe, so consistency is the graceful combiner of all that is in woman to perfection.

In reference to this sentiment, her manners must bear due affinity with her figure, and her deportment with her rank. The youthful and delicate-shaped girl is allowed a gaiety of air which would ill-become a woman of maturer years and larger proportions; but at all times of life, when the figure is slender, a swan-like neck, and the motions are naturally swaying, for that girl, or that woman, to affect what is called a majestic air, would be as unavailing as absurd. It is not in the power of a figure so constructed ever to look majestic. By stiffening her joints, walking with an erect mien, and drawing up her neck, she would certainly be upright; she would seem to have had a determined dancing-mas-

ter, who, in spite of nature and grace, had made her *hold up her head;* but she would never look like any thing but a stiff, inelegant creature. The character of these slight forms corresponds with their resemblances in the vegetable world: the aspen, the willow, bend their gentle heads at every passing breeze, and their flexible and tender arms toss in the wind with grace and beauty: such is the woman of delicate proportions. She must enter a room either with the buoyant step of a young nymph, if youth is her passport to sportiveness; or, if she is advanced nearer the meridian of life, she then may glide in, with that ease of manner which gives play to all the graceful motions of her elegantly undulating form. For her to crane up her neck, would be to change its fine swan-like bend into the scraggy throat of the ostrich: all her movements should be of a flexible character. Her mode of salutation should be rather a bow than a courtesy; and when she sits, she should model her easy attitude rather by the ideas of the painter, when he would pourtray a reclining nymph, than according to the lessons of the grace-destroying governess, who would marshal her pupils on their chairs like a rank of drilled recruits. In short, for a slender, or thin woman, to be stiff at any time,

is, in the first case, to render of no effect the advantages of nature; and, in the next, to increase and aggravate her defects, by making it more conspicuous by a constrained and ridiculous carriage.

Though we cannot unite the majestic air which declares command with this easy, nymph-like deportment, the dignity of modesty may be its inseparable companion. The timid, the retreating step, the downcast eye; the varying complexion, "blushing at the deep regard she draws!" all these belong to this class of females; and they are charms so truly feminine, so exquisitely lovely, that I cannot but place them with their counterpart, the ethereal form, as the perfection of female beauty.

The woman whose figure bears nature's own stamp of majesty, is generally of a stately make; her person is squarer, and has more of *embonpoint* than the foregoing. The very muscles of her neck are so formed as to show their adaption to an erect posture. There is a sort of loftiness in the natural movement of her head, in the high swell of her expansive bosom. The step of this woman should be grave and firm; her motions few and commanding; and the carriage of her head and person erect and steady. An excess in stateliness could not have any

worse effect on her, than perverting the majesty of nature into the haughtiness of art. We might admire or revere the first; the last we would probably resent and detest. The dignified beauty must therefore beware of overstraining the natural bent of her character: it is like the bombast of exalted language, which never fails to lose its aim, and engender disgust. We might laugh at a delicate girl, so far exaggerating the pliancy of her form and ease of manners, as to twist herself into the thousand antics of a Columbine; she aims at pleasing us, and though she chooses the wrong method, we will not frown, but only smile at the ridiculous exhibition. But when a majestic fair one presumes to arrogate an undue consequence in her air, it is not to gratify our senses that she assumes the extraordinary diadem; and, irritated at the contempt her greatness would wish to throw upon us inferior personages, we treat her like an usurper; and, armed with a sense of injustice, we determine to pull her at once from her throne.

The easy, graceful air, we see, belongs exclusively to the slender beauty, and the moderated majestic mien to a greater *embonpoint.*

There is a race of women whose persons have no determined character. These must regulate

and adopt their demeanours according to the degrees in which they approach the two before-mentioned classes. But in all cases, let it never be forgotten, that a too faint copy of a model is better than an overcharged one. Excess is always bad. Moderation never offends. By falling easily into the degree of undulating grace, or the dignified demeanour which suits your character, you merely put on the robe which nature designed, and the habit will be fit and becoming.

But when the nymph-like form assumes a regal port, or a commanding dame pretends to "skip and play," the affectation on both sides is equally absurd: discords of this kind are ever ridiculous and odious. Besides these, there are affectations of other descriptions, of equal folly and bad effect. Some ladies, to whom nature has given a good sight, and lovely orbs to look through, must needs pretend a kind of half-blindness, and they go peeping about through an eye-glass, dangling at the end of a long gold chain, hanging at their necks. Not content with this affectation of one defect, they assume another, and lisp so inarticulately, that hardly three words in a sentence are intelligible. All such follies as these are not more a death-blow to all respect for the novice that plays them off,

than they are sure antidotes to any charms she may possess. Simplicity is the perfection of form; simplicity is the perfection of fine dressing; simplicity is the perfection of air and manners.

In the details of carriage, we must not omit a due attention to gait, and its accompanying air. We find that it was "by her *graceful walk* the Queen of Love was known!" In this particular, the French women far exceed us. Pope observes, that "they move easiest who have learnt to *dance*." And it is the step of the highly-accomplished dancer that we see in the generality of well-bred Frenchwomen; not the march of the military sergeant, which is the usual study with our pedestrian Graces. There is a buoyant lightness, a dignified ease in the walk of a lady, who has been taught the use of her limbs by a fine dancer, which is never seen in her who has been drilled by the halbert, and told to *stand at ease* with her hands resting on her stomach, as if reposing on the trigger of her firelock. Such a way as we have fallen upon to teach our daughters the *graceful step of the Queen of Love*, is, indeed, so singular, that until another race of Amazons arise, to whom military tactics may be useful, we have no chance of any imitators. Indeed, the marching walk

of Englishwomen is so ridiculous, even in the eyes of their own countrymen, that I remember being one day in St James's Park, with one of these female recruits, when a sentinel, with a humorous gravity, struck his musket to her as she passed.

Both in the case of air and gait, it is necessary to begin early to train the person and the limbs to the ease and grace you wish. It is difficult to straighten the stem long left to diverge into irregular wildness; but the tender tree, pliant in youth, needs only the directing hand of a careful gardener to train it to symmetry and luxuriance.

Many of the naturally most pleasing parts of the female shape have I seen assume an appearance absolutely disgusting; and all form an *outre* air, vulgar manners, or hoydening postures. The bosom, which should be prominent, by a lounging attitude, sinks into slovenly flatness, rounding the back, and projecting the shoulders! On the one side, I have seen a finely-proportioned figure transform herself into a perfect fright by this awkward neglect of all propriety and grace; and, on the other, I am acquainted with a lady, whose beauty, taken in the common acceptation of the word, would not obtain her a second look, but in the

elegance of her manners, in the dignity of her carriage, in the taste and disposition of her attire, and in the thousand inexpressible charms which distinguish the gentlewoman, she is so powerful that none can behold her without captivation.

A late author, in a work entitled, "Remarks on the English and French Ladies," very ably points out the superior attention which the women of France pay to the cultivation of their air and manners; and he proceeds, with no inconsiderable degree of eloquence, to exhort the British fair not to lose, by a careless neglect, the advantages which nature has given them over the *belles* of *la grande nation.*

"It must not be dissembled," says this writer, "that our much fairer countrywomen (the English) are too often apt to forget that native charms may receive considerable improvement by attending to the regulation of carriage and motion. They ought to be reminded, that it is chiefly by an attention of this kind, that the Frenchwomen, though unable to rival them in such exterior perfections as are the gift of nature, attain, however, to a degree of eminence in other accomplishments, that effaces the recollection of their inferiority in personal charms." He proceeds to observe, that "the gracefulness

of a French lady's step is always a subject of high commendation in the mouth even of Frenchmen;" and again he says, "conscious where their advantage lies, they spare no pains to improve that grace of manner, that fund of vivacity, which are in their nature so agreeable, and which they know so well how to manage to the best effect."

My intimacy with the French manners makes me quote these short extracts with greater pleasure; and as I bear witness to the truth of their evidence, I hope that an amiable ambition will unite in the breasts of the British fair, to rise as much superior to their French rivals in all feminine graces, as our British heroes are to the French on the seas! We shall then see cultivated understandings, unaffected cheerfulness, and manners of an enchantment not to be exceeded by the fairest sorceresses in beauty and grace.

Sorceresses I would make you, my gentle friends; but your spells should be those of nature and of virtue. While I exhort you to preserve your persons in comeliness, to array yourselves in elegance and sweet attractive grace, I would not lead you to believe, that these are all your charms; that these are sufficient "to take the captive soul of love, and lap it in Ely-

sium!" No; woman was created for higher attainments; many a heart was formed to pant for dearer joys than these can produce. Woman must, in every respect, and at all times, regard her form as a secondary object; her mind is the point of her first attention; it is the strength of her power; the part that links her with angels; and, as such, she must respect, cultivate, and exalt it.

But as these familiar pages are expressly intended as a little treatise on *the dress* of these admirable qualities, I do not suppose it demanded of me to enter so minutely into the subject of mind, as I otherwise should have esteemed it my duty. We have before admitted, that while on this earth wandering amongst the erring and voluptuous sons of men, virtue must be clad in an attractive garb, else few will love her for herself. To this end, then, like Solon of Athens, I give the best directions the inmates of this gay world are capable of receiving—though, perhaps, not the best I could lay down. I would win the too earth-clinging soul by his senses, to give up his sensual enjoyments, and, caught by earthly charms, see and feel his connexion, and leaving the grosser part, aspire to mingle being with those alone which partake of immortality.

It is not by the showy attire of meretricious splendour, by the seductive air of Sybaritical refinement, that I would effect this. "It is good that virtue keep ever with its like!" my means should ever be consistent with their object. So, with me, beauty, elegance, and grace, should be the only pleaders for the empire of morals and religion. On these principles, as I am aware that the most estimable and amiable qualities adorn the wives and daughters of our isle, I cannot but be the more solicitous that their outward deportment and appearance should exhibit a fair specimen of their inward worth.

"An upright heart, and sensibility of soul, are doubtlessly the most noble qualifications of the fair sex. These, Englishwomen possess in an eminent degree. But there are lighter, and perhaps more catching attractions, which, though they will not bear a competition, are nevertheless great smoothers of the rough passages of life, and very necessary conducives to social happiness."

It is the opinion of wiser heads than mine, that no circumstance, however trifling in itself, should be neglected, which strengthens the bonds of an honourable and mutual attachment; and so great is the privilege allowed for this purpose, that it is deemed laudable in woman to

collect into herself all the innocent advantages, mentally and corporeally, which may render her most admirable and precious in the eyes of him who may be, or is, her husband.

This latter sentiment reminds me to impress upon my young friend, that there are shades of demeanour which must be varied according to the sex, degree, and affinity of the persons with whom she converses. To men of all ranks and relations, she must ever hold a reserve on certain subjects, and indeed on almost every occasion, that she does not deem necessary to observe with regard to her own sex. To inferiors of both sexes she must ever preserve a gracious condescension; but to the men, a certain air of majesty must be mixed with it, that she need not assume to the women. To her equals, particularly of the male sex, her manners must never lose sight of a dignity sufficient to remind them that she expects respect will be joined with probable intimacy. In short, no intimacy should ever be so familiar as to allow of any infringement on the decent reserves which are the only preservers of refinement in friendship and love. What are called *cronies* amongst girls, are among the worst of connexions, as they generally are the very hotbeds of fancified love-fits, secrecies, and really vulgar tale-bearing.

> "Celestial friendship!
> Whene'er she stoops to visit earth, one shrine
> The goddess finds, and one alone,
> To make her sweet amends for absent Heaven,—
> The bosom of a friend, where heart meets heart,
> Reciprocally soft—
> Each other's pillow to repose divine!"

This friendship is indeed the gift of Heaven —a boon more precious than much fine gold; but it is not usually to be found in school *cronies*, or in the confidence of misses, whose unbosomings usually consist of flirtations, complaints against parents and guardians, and schemes for future parties of pleasure. Friendship is too sacred for these pretenders; under her influence, "heart meets heart," and acknowledges her as the pledge of Heaven to man, of immortality, and endless joys. To such an intimate your whole soul may be laid open. But such an intimate is rare. You may meet her once in the shape of a female friend, and in that of a tender husband! But believe not that her appearance will be more frequent. Hers are "like angel's visits, few and far between!" Earth would be too much like heaven were it otherwise.

To the generality, then, of your equals, while you are affable and amiable with them all, you must be intimate with few, and preserve an in-

genuous reserve with most. Show them your sense of propriety demands a certain distance, and with redoubled respect they will yield what you require. With men of your acquaintance, you ought to be more reserved than with women. But while I counsel such dignity of manners, you must not suppose that I mean starchness, stiffness, prudery; I only recommend the modesty of the virgin—the sober dignity of matron years.

The present familiarity between the sexes is both shocking to delicacy, and to the interests of women. Woman is now treated by the generality of men with a freedom that levels her with the commonest and most vulgar objects of their amusements. She is addressed as unceremoniously, treated as cavalierly, and left as abruptly, as the veriest puppet they could pick up at a Bartholomew Fair.

We no longer see the respectful bow, the look of polite attention, when a gentleman approaches a lady. He runs up to her; he seizes her by the hand, shakes it roughly, asks a few questions, and, to show that he has no interest in her answers, flies off again before she can make a reply.

To cure our coxcombs of this conceited impertinence, I would strongly exhort my young

and lovely readers. When any man, who is not privileged by the right of friendship or of kindred, to address her with an air of affection, attempts to take her hand, let her withdraw it immediately, with an air so declarative of displeasure, that he shall not presume to repeat the offence. At no time ought she to volunteer shaking hands with a male acquaintance, who holds not any particular bond of esteem with regard to herself or family. A touch, a pressure of the hands, are the only external signs a woman can give of entertaining a particular regard for certain individuals; and to lavish this valuable power of expression upon all comers, upon the impudent and contemptible, is an indelicate extravagance which, I hope, needs only to be exposed to be put for ever out of countenance.

As to the salute, the pressure of the lips—that is an interchange of affectionate greeting, or tender farewell, sacred to the dearest connexions alone. Our parents—our brothers—our near kindred—our husband—our lover, ready to become our husband,—our bosom's inmate, the friend of *our heart's core*—to them are exclusively consecrated the lips of delicacy, and woe be to her who yields them to the stain of profanation!

By the last word, I do not mean the embrace of vice, but merely that indiscriminate facility which some young women have in permitting what they call a *good-natured kiss*. These *good-natured kisses* have often very bad effects, and can never be permitted without injuring the fine gloss of that exquisite modesty, which is the fairest garb of virgin beauty.

I remember the Count M——, one of the most accomplished and handsomest young men in Vienna. When I was there, he was passionately in love with a girl of almost peerless beauty. She was the daughter of a man of great rank and influence at court; and on these considerations, as well as in regard to her charms, she was followed by a multitude of suitors. She was lively and amiable, and treated them all with an affability which still kept them in her train, although it was generally known that she had avowed a predilection for Count M. and that preparations were making for their nuptials. The Count was of a refined mind and delicate sensibility. He loved her for herself alone—for the virtues which he believed dwelt in a beautiful form; and, like a lover of such perfections, he never approached her without timidity, and when he touched her, a fire shot through his veins that warned him not to invade

the vermilion sanctuary of her lips. Such were his feelings, when one night at his intended father-in-law's, a party of young people were met to celebrate a certain festival. Several of the young lady's rejected suitors were present. Forfeits were one of the pastimes, and all went on with the greatest merriment, till the Count was commanded by some witty mademoiselle to redeem his glove by saluting the cheek of his intended bride. The Count blushed, trembled, advanced to his mistress, retreated, advanced again —and at last, with a tremor that shook every fibre in his frame, with a modest grace he put the soft ringlet which played upon her cheek to his lips, and retired to demand his redeemed pledge in evident confusion. His mistress gaily smiled, and the game went on. One of her rejected suitors, but who was of a merry unthinking disposition, was adjudged, by the same indiscreet crier of the forfeits,—"as his last treat before he hanged himself," she said,—to snatch a kiss from the lips of the object of his recent vows—

> "Lips whose broken sighs such fragrance fling,
> As Love had fanned them freshly with his wing!"

A lively contest between the lady and the gentleman lasted for a minute; but the lady

yielded, though in the midst of a convulsive laugh. And the Count had the mortification, the agony, to see the lips, which his passionate and delicate love would not allow him to touch, kissed with roughness and repetition by another man, and one whom he despised. Without a word, he rose from his chair, left the room—and the house; and, by that *good-natured kiss*, the fair boast of Vienna lost her husband and her lover. The Count never saw her more.

ON THE MANAGEMENT OF THE PERSON IN DANCING, AND IN THE EXERCISE OF OTHER FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

> On with the dance! let joy be unconfined.
> *Childe Harold.*

It is vain to expend large sums of money and large portions of time in the acquirement of accomplishments, unless some attention be also paid to the attainment of a certain grace in their exercise, which, though a circumstance distinct from themselves, is the secret of their charms and pleasure-exciting quality.

As dancing is the accomplishment most calculated to display a fine form, elegant taste, and graceful carriage, to advantage; so towards it, our regards must be particularly turned; and we shall find that when Beauty, in all her power, is to be set forth, she cannot choose a more effective exhibition.

By the *exhibition*, it must not be understood that I mean to insinuate any thing like that scenic exhibition which we may expect from professors of the art, who often, regardless of

modesty, not only display the symmetry of their persons, but indelicately expose them, by most improper dresses and attitudes, on the public stage. What I propose by calling dancing an elegant mode of showing a fine form to advantage, has nothing more in it, than to teach the lovely young woman to move unembarrassed and with peculiar grace through the mazes of a dance, performed either in a private circle, or public ball.

It must always be remembered, and it cannot be too often repeated, "That whatever it is worth while to do, it is worth while to do *well*." Therefore, as all times and nations have deemed dancing a salubrious, decorous, and beautiful exercise, or rather happy pastime and celebration of festivity, I cannot but regard it with particular complacency. Dancing carries with it a banquet, alike for taste and feeling. The spectator of a well-ordered English ball sees, at one view, in a number of elegant young women, every species of female loveliness. He beholds the perfection of personal proportion. They are attired with all the gay habiliments of fashion and of fancy; and their harmonious and agile movements unfold to him, at every turn, the ever-varying, ever-charming grace of motion.

Thus far his senses only are gratified. But the pleasure stops not there. His best feelings receive their share also. He looks on each gay countenance, he sees hilarity in every step; he listens to their delightful converse, communicated by snatches; and, with a pleasure sympathizing with theirs, he cannot but acknowledge that dancing is one of the most innocent and rational, as well as the most elegant, amusements of youth.

It is indeed the favourite pastime of nature. We find it in courts, we meet it on the village green. Here the rustic swain whispers his ardent suit to his blushing maid, while his beating heart bounds against hers in the swift wheel of the rapid dance. There the polished courtier breathes a soft sigh into the ear of the lady of his vows, as he and she timidly entwine their arms in the graceful *allemande*. But dancing has been appropriated to higher purposes than these; it formed a part of the religious ceremonies of the Jews.

In every age of fashion but the present, dancing was as much expected from young persons of both sexes, as that they should join in smiles when mutually pleased. In days of yore, in the most polite eras of Greece and Rome, and of the chivalrous ages, we find that dancing was

a favourite amusement with the first ranks of men. Kings, heroes, and unbearded youth, alike mingled in the graceful exercise. Even in our own island, we read of the splendid balls given by our Plantagenets and Tudors; and that every prince and nobleman contended in happy rivalry who should best acquit themselves in the dance. Here it was that the royal Harry lost his heart to the lovely Anna Bullen, and in such scenes did the gallant lords of his virgin daughter's court breathe out their souls at the feet of British beauty.

Such *was* the court of England! but now, where is "the merry dance, the mirth-awakening viol?" In vain our princes led forth their royal sisters and the fairest ladies in the land to celebrate, with festive steps, the birth-day; our noble youth, smit with a love of grave folly, abandon the ball for the gaming-table. The elegant society of the fair is disregarded and exchanged for fellowship with grooms and masters of the whip. Shame on them! I cannot descant farther on such vulgar desertion of all that is lovely and decorous.

Besides the royal brothers, a few yet remain amongst the young men of our higher ranks, who, in this respect, set a worthy example to the youth of inferior stations; and them we

still meet at the assemblies of taste, moving with propriety and elegance in the social dance. To make acceptable partners in the minuet, cotillon, &c. with these yet loyal votaries of Terpsichore, I beg leave to offer a few hints to my gentle readers.

Extraordinary as it may seem, at a period when dancing is so entirely neglected by men in general, women appear to be taking the most pains to acquire the art. Our female youth are now not satisfied with what used to be considered *a good dancing-master;* that is, one who made teaching his sole profession; but now our girls must be taught by the leading dancers at the opera-house.

The consequence is, when a young lady rises to dance, we no longer see the graceful, easy step of the gentlewoman, but the laboured, and often indelicate exhibitions of the posture-mistress.—Dances from *ballets* are introduced; and instead of the jocund and beautifully-organized movements of hilarity in concord, we are shocked by the most extravagant theatrical imitations. The chaste minuet is banished; and, in place of dignity and grace, we behold strange wheelings on one leg, stretching out the other till our eye meets the garter; and a variety of endless contortions, fitter for the zenana of an

Eastern satrap, or the gardens of Mahomet, than the ball-room of an Englishwoman of quality and virtue.

These *ballet* dances are, we now see, generally attempted. I may say *attempted*, for not one young woman in five hundred, can, from the very nature of the thing, after all her study, perform them better than could be done any day by the commonest *figurante* on the stage. We all know, that to be a fine opera-dancer, requires unremitting practice, and a certain disciplining of the limbs, which hardly any private gentlewoman would consent to undergo. Hence, ladies can never hope to arrive at any comparison with even the poorest public professor of the art; and therefore, to attempt the extravagancies of it, is as absurd as it is indelicate.

The utmost in dancing to which a gentlewoman ought to aspire, is an agile and graceful movement of her feet, an harmonious motion with her arms, and a corresponding easy carriage of her whole body. But, when she has gained this proficiency, should she find herself so unusually mistress of the art as to be able, in any way, to rival the professors by whom she has been taught, she must ever hold in mind, that *the same style of dancing is not equally proper for all kinds of dances.*

For instance, the English country-dance and the French cotillon, require totally different movements. I know that it is a common thing to introduce all the varieties of opera-steps into the simple figure of the former. This ill-judged fashion is inconsistent with the character of the dance, and consequently so destroys the effect, that no pleasure is produced to the eye of the judicious spectator by so discordant an exhibition. The characteristic of an English country-dance is that of *gay simplicity*. The steps should be few and easy, and the corresponding motion of the arms and body unaffected, modest, and graceful.

Before I go farther on the subject, I cannot but stop a little to dwell more particularly on the necessity there is for more attention than we usually find paid to the management of the arms, and general person, in dancing.

In looking on at a ball, perhaps you will see that every woman, in a dance of twenty couple, moves her feet with sufficient attention to beauty and elegance; but, with regard to the deportment of the rest of the person, most likely you will not discover one in a hundred who seems to know more about it than the most uncultivated damsel that ever jogged at a village wake.

I cannot exactly describe what it is that we

see in the carriage of our young ladies in the dance; for it is difficult to point out a want by any other expression than a negative. But it is only requisite for my readers to recall to memory the many inanimate, ungraceful forms, from the waist upwards, that they nightly see at balls, and I need not describe more circumstantially.

For these ladies to suppose that they are fine dancers because they execute a variety of difficult steps with ease and precision, is a great mistake. The motion of the feet is but half the art of dancing; the other, and indeed the most conspicuous part, lies in the movement of the body, arms, and head. Here elegance must be conspicuous.

The body should always be poised with such ease as to command a power of graceful undulation, in harmony with the motion of the limbs in the dance. Nothing is more ugly than a stiff body and neck during this lively exercise. The general carriage should be elevated and light; the chest thrown out, the head easily erect, but flexible to move with every turn of the figure; and the limbs should be all braced and animated with the spirit of motion, which seems ready to bound through the very air. By this elasticity pervading the whole person when the dancer

moves off, her flexible shape will gracefully sway with the varied steps of her feet; and her arms, instead of hanging loosely by her side, or rising abruptly and squarely up to take hands with her partner, will be raised in beautiful and harmonious unison and time with the music and the figure; and her whole person will thus exhibit to the delighted eye perfection in beauty, grace, and motion.

This attention to the movement of the general figure, and particularly to that of the arms (for with them is the charm of elegant action,) though, in a moderated degree, is equally applicable to the English country dance and the Scotch reel, as to the minuet, the cotillon, and other French dances.

A general idea of natural grace, in all dances being laid down as a first principle in this elegant art, I shall suggest a few remarks on the leading characters of each style; and from them, I hope, my fair friends will be able to gather some rules which may serve them as useful auxiliaries to the lessons of their dancing-master.

The English country-dance, as its very name implies, consists of simplicity and cheerfulness; hence the female who engages in it, must aim at nothing more, in treading its easy mazes,

than executing a few simple steps with unaffected elegance. Her body, her arms, the turn of her head, the expression of her countenance, all must bear the same character of negligent grace, of elegant activity, of decorous gaiety.

The Scotch reel has steps appropriated to itself, and in the dance can never be displaced for those of France, without an absurdity too ridiculous even to imagine without laughing. There are no dancers in the world more expressive of inward hilarity and happiness than the Scotch are, when performing in their own reels. The music is sufficient—so jocund are its sounds—to set a whole company on their feet in a moment, and to dance with all their might, till it ceases, like people bit by the tarantula. Hence, as the character of reels is merriment, they must be performed with much more *joyance* of manner than even the country-dance; and, therefore, they are better adapted, as society is now constituted, to the social private circle, than to the public ball. They demand a frankness of deportment, an undisguised jocularity, which few large parties will properly admit; therefore, they are more at home in the baronial and kindred-filled hall of the thane of the Highland clan, than in the splendid and mixed ball-room of the now modish Anglo-Scottish earl.

French dances, which include minuets, cotillons, and all the round of *ballet* figures, admit of every new refinement and dexterity in the agile art; and, while exhibiting in them, there is no step, no turn, no attitude, within the verge of maiden delicacy, that the dancer may not adopt and practise.

I must acknowledge that there is something in the harmonious and undulating movements of the minuet, particularly pleasing to my idea of female grace and dignity; and I remember seeing her Highness the Princess de P——, at the court of Naples, go through the *minuet de la Cour* with so eminent a degree of enchanting elegance, that there was not a person present who was not in raptures with her deportment.

The young Archduke, C——, of A——, was then a youth, and an incognito visitant with the Prince de V——F——, and he was so charmed with the dancing of her highness—whose partner was the renowned General Marchese di M——, that, in his own heroic manner, he exclaimed to me, who then sat by his side,—"Ah! madam, that is more interesting than even the Pyrrhic dance! It reminds me of the beautiful movement of the sun and moon in the heavens!"

The *minuet* is now almost out of fashion, but

we yet have its serious movements in many of the dances adopted from the French *ballet;* and in these every gradation of grace, and, if I may say it, sentiment in action, may be discovered. The rapid changes of the cotillon are admirably calculated for the display of elegant gaiety; and I hope that their animated evolvements will long continue a favourite accomplishment and amusement with our youthful fair.

Though much of graceful display is made in these dances, yet there are many rivals in the cotillon contending for the palm of superiority; and the contest, throughout, if maintained with the original elegant decorum of the design, may be continued with undeviating modesty and discretion.

But with regard to the lately introduced German waltz, I cannot speak so favourably; I must agree with Goethé, when writing of the national dance of his country, "that none but husbands and wives can with any propriety be partners in the waltz."

There is something in the close approximation of persons, in the attitudes, and in the motion, which ill agrees with the delicacy of woman, should she be placed in such a situation with any other man than the most intimate connexion she can have in life. Indeed, I have

often heard men, of no very over-strained feeling, say, "that there are very few women in the world with whom they could bear to dance the German waltz."

The fandango, though graceful in its own country—because danced, from custom, with as reserved a mind as our maidens would make a curtsy,—is, nevertheless, when attempted here, too great a display of the person for any modest Englishwoman to venture. It is a *solo!* Imagine what must be the assurance of the young woman, who, unaccustomed by the habits of her country to such singular exhibitions of herself, could get up in a room full of company, and, with an unblushing face, go through all the evolutions, postures, and vaultings, of the Spanish fandango? Certainly, there are few discreet men in England who would say, "such a woman I should like for my wife!"

The castanets, which are used in this dance, by attracting extraordinary attention, afford another argument against its being adopted any where but on the stage. The tambourin, the cymbals, and all other noisy accompaniments, in the hands of a lady-dancer, are equally blameable; and though a woman may, by their means, exhibit her agility and person to advantage, she may depend on it, that while the artist only is

admired, the woman will sink into contempt; and that, though she may possibly meet with lovers to throw a score of embroidered handkerchiefs at her feet, she will hardly encounter one of a thousand who will venture to trust himself to the offering her the bond of a single gold ring.

The bullero, another of our Spanish importations, is a dance of so questionable a description, that I cannot but proscribe it also. It may be performed with perfect modesty; but the sentiment of it depends so entirely on the disposition of the dancer, that Delicacy dare hardly venture to inrol herself in its lists, lest the partner chosen for her might be of a temper to turn its gaiety into licentiousness; to produce blushes of shame where she promised herself the glow of pleasure, and send her away from what ought to have been an innocent amusement, filled with the bitterness of insulted delicacy.

In short, in addressing my fair countrywomen on this subject, I would sum up my advice, in regard to the choice of dances, by warning them against the introduction of new-fangled fashions of this sort. Let them leave the languishing and meretricious attitudes of modern *ballet*-teachers to the dancing-girls of

India, or to the Circassian slaves of Turkey, whose disgraceful business is to please a tyrant for whom they can feel no love.

Let our British fair also turn away from the almost equally unchaste dances of the southern kingdoms of the continent, and, content with the gay step of France, and the active merriment of Scotland, with their own festive movements, continue their native country balls to their blameless delight, and to the gratification of every tasteful and benevolent observer.

While thus remarking on the manner of dancing, it may not be unacceptable to add a few words on the dress most appropriate to its light and unembarrassed motions.

Long trains are, of course, too cumbrous an appendage to be intentionally assumed when proposing to dance; but it must also be remarked, that very short petticoats are as inelegant as the others are inconvenient. Scanty circumscribed habiliments impede the action of the limbs, and, besides their indelicacy, show the leg in the least graceful of all possible points of view. The most elegant attire for a ball is, that the under garments should be absolutely short, but the upper one, which should be of light material, should reach at least to the top of the instep. It should also be sufficiently full to fall

easily in folds from the waist downwards to the foot. By this arrangement, when the dancer begins her graceful exercise, the drapery will elegantly adapt itself to the motion and contour of her limbs; and falling accidentally on her foot, or as accidentally when she bounds along, discovering, under its flying folds, her beautifully-turned ankle. Symmetry and grace will be occasionally displayed, almost unconsciously, and thus Modesty, taken unawares, will adorn, with her blushes, the perfect lineaments of female beauty.

What has been said in behalf of simple and appropriate dancing, may also be whispered in the ear of the fair practitioner in music; and, by analogy she may, not unbeneficially, apply the suggestions to her own case.

There are many young women, who, when they sit down to the piano or the harp, or to sing, twist themselves into so many contortions, and writhe their bodies and faces about into such actions and grimaces, as would almost incline one to believe that they are suffering under the torture of the toothach, or the gout. Their bosoms heave, their shoulders shrug, their heads swing to the right and left, their lips quiver, their eyes roll; they sigh, they pant, they seem ready to expire! And what is all this about?

They are merely playing a favourite concerto, or singing a new Italian song.

If it were possible for these conceit-intoxicated warblers, these languishing dolls, to guess what rational spectators say of their follies, they would be ready to break their instruments and be dumb for ever. What they call *expression in singing*, at the rate they would show it, is only fit to be exhibited on the stage, when the character of the song intends to portray the utmost ecstasy of passion to a sighing swain. In short, such an echo to the words and music of a love ditty, is very improper in any young woman who would wish to be thought as pure in heart as in person. If amatory addresses are to be sung, let the expression be in the voice and the composition of the air, not in the looks and gestures of the lady-singer. The utmost that she ought to allow herself to do, when thus breathing out the accents of love, is to wear a serious, tender countenance. More than this is bad, and may produce reflections in the minds of the hearers very inimical to the reputation of the fair warbler.

While touching on song, it may not be unwelcome to my truly virgin readers to have their own delicate rejections sanctioned by a matron's judgment against a horde of amorous

legends, now chanted forth in almost every assembly, where they put their heads. Pretty music, and elegant poetry, seem sufficient excuses to obtain, in these days, not only pardon, but approbation, for the most exceptionable verses that can fall from the pen of man. Such madrigals are now sung with equal applause by mother and daughter, chaste and unchaste; all unite in shamelessly breathing forth words, (and with appropriate languishments too,) which hardly would become the lips of a Thais! Libertines may feel pleasure in such exhibitions —men of principle must turn away disgusted.

Set then this music of Paphos far aside; instead of songs of wantons, if we are to have amatory odes, let us listen to the chaste pleadings of a Petrarch, to the mutual vows of virtuous attachment. My young friend may then sing with downcast eyes and timid voice, but no blush needs to stain her cheek—no thrill of shame shake her bosom. She merely chants of nature's feelings; and Modesty veiling the sensibility she describes, angels might "lean from heaven to hear."

By this slight sketch, my dear readers will perceive that I mean *simplicity* to be the principle and the decoration of all their actions; as it should pervade them in the dance, so it should

imbue their voice and action in playing and in singing.

Let their attitude at the piano or the harp be easy and graceful. I strongly exhort them to avoid a stiff, awkward, elbowing position at either; they must observe an elegant flow of figure at both. The latter certainly admits of most grace, as the shape of the instrument is calculated, in every respect, to show a fine figure to advantage. The contour of the whole form, the turn and polish of a beautiful hand and arm, the richly-slippered and well-made foot on the pedal stops, the gentle motion of a lovely neck, and, above all, the sweetly-tempered expression of an intelligent countenance; these are shown at one glance when the fair performer is seated unaffectedly, yet gracefully, at the harp.

Similar beauty of position may be seen in a lady's management of a lute, a guitar, a mandolin, or a lyre. The attitude at a pianoforte, or at a harpsichord, is not so happily adapted to grace. From the shape of the instrument, the performer must sit directly in front of a straight line of keys; and her own posture being correspondingly erect and square, it is hardly possible that it should not appear rather inelegant. But if it attain not the *ne plus ultra*

of grace, at least she may prevent an air of stiffness; she may move her hands easily on the keys, and bear her head with that elegance of carriage which cannot fail to impart its own character to the whole of her figure. One of the most graceful forms that I ever saw sit at an instrument, is that of St Cecilia, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, playing on the organ. It is the portrait of the late Mrs R. B. Sheridan; and, from the simplicity of the attitude, and the graceful elevation of the head, it is, without exception, one of the most interesting pictures I ever beheld. A living instance of what beauty and grace, elegance and propriety combined, can do, has always been admired in the Marchioness of D———, by all those who ever had the felicity to see and hear her at the piano; an engraving of her portrait, in that attitude, would teach every female lover of the art unaffected elegance, much more effectually than all that the advices and ability of masters can ever be able to perform.

If ladies, in meditating on grace of deportment, would rather consult the statues of fine sculptors, and the figures of excellent painters, than the lessons of their dancing-masters, or the dictates of their looking-glasses, we should, doubtless, see simplicity where we now

find affectation, and a thousand ineffable graces taking place of the present *régime* of absurdity and conceit.

It was by studying the perfect sculpture of Greece and Rome, that a certain lady of rank, eminent for her peculiarly beautiful attitudes, acquired so great a superiority in mien above her fair contemporaries of every court in which she became an inmate. It was by meditating on the classic pictures of Poussin, that one of the first tragic actresses on the French stage, learnt to move and look like the *daughter of the sun.* And by a similar study, has our own Melpomene caught inspiration from the pencil of Corregio and Rubens.

Glancing at the graphic art, reminds me that some degree of proficiency in this interesting accomplishment is also an object of study with my fair young countrywomen. I shall not make any observation on their progress in the art itself, but only with regard to their manner of practising it.

Both for health and beauty's sake, they should be careful not to stoop too much, or to sit too long in the exercise of the pencil. A bending position of the chest and head, when frequently assumed, is apt to contract the lungs, round the back, redden the face, and give painful di-

gestions and headach. An awkward posture in writing, reading, or sewing, is productive of the same bad effects; and, what may seem almost incredible, (but many who have witnessed the same, can, I am sure, give their evidence in support of my representation,) there are young persons, who, when writing, drawing, reading, or working, keep a sort of ludicrous time with their occupations, by making a succession of unmeaning and hideous grimaces. I have seen a pretty young woman, while writing a letter to her lover, draw up her lips, and twist the muscles of her face in every direction that her pen moved; and so ugly did she look during this sympathetic performance, that I could not forbear thinking that, could her swain see the object then dictating her vows, he would take fright at the metamorphosis, and never be made to believe it could be the same person.

Mumbling to yourself, while reading, is also another very inelegant habit. A person should either read determinately so much aloud as to be heard distinctly by the company present, or peruse her book without even moving her lips. An inward muttering, or a silent motion of the mouth, while reading, is equally unpleasant to the observer, and disfiguring to the observed.

In short, there is nothing, however minute

in manners, however insignificant in appearance, that does not demand some portion of attention from a well-bred and highly-polished young woman. An author of no small literary renown, has observed, that several of the minutest habits or acts of some individuals, may give sufficient reasons to guess at their temper. The choice of a gown, or even the folding and sealing of a letter, will bespeak the shrew and the scold, the careless and the negligent. This observation I have made myself, not only in this, but in several other countries. The Marchioness of B—— addressed me, a few years ago, in a letter so cleanly folded, so carefully sealed, that I was really prejudiced in her favour, ere I saw that my surmises were right; and the flame-colour ribbon, fluttering about the Hon. Mrs D.'s head, had given me a foreboding of her acrimonious and fiery disposition. These fine and almost imperceptible objects are the touches which bring the whole to its utmost perfection. They are the varnish to the picture, the polish to the gem, the points to the diamond.

I will go farther upon this subject. The very voice of an individual, the tone she assumes in speaking to strangers, or even familiarly to her friends, will lead a keen observer to discover

what elements her temper is made of. The low key belongs to the sullen, sulky, obstinate; the shrill note to the petulant, the pert, the impatient; some will pronounce the common and trite question "how *do* you *do?*" with such harshness and raucity, that they seem positively angry with you that you should ever *do* at all. Some affect a lispingness, which at once betrays childishness and downright nonsense; others will bid their words to gallop so swiftly, that the ablest ear is unable to follow the rapid race, and gathers nothing but confused and unmeaning sounds. All these extremes are to be avoided; and, although nature has differently formed the organs of speech for different individuals, yet there is a mode to correct nature's own aberrations. I have heard of sensible men, who, merely for the tone of voice which did not quite harmonize with their ears, have dropped their connexion with women, who, in all other points, were unexceptionable.

Admit this, and another salutary truth will be made manifest. If good-breeding and graceful refinement are ever *most proper*, they are always so. It is not sufficient that Amaryllis is amiable and elegant in her whole deportment to strangers and to her acquaintance; she must be undeviatingly so to her most intimate friends,

to nearest relations, to father, mother, brothers, sisters, husband. She must have no *dishabille* for them, either of mind or person.

This last word inclines me to pursue the hint farther; to exhort my fair readers, while I plead for consistency in manners, also to carry the analogy to dress. If they would always appear amiable, elegant, and endearing to the beings with whom they are to spend their lives, let them always make those beings the first objects for whose pleasure their accomplishments, their manners, and their dress are to be cultivated. Let them never appear before these tender relatives in the disgusting negligence of disordered and soiled clothes. By this has many a lovely girl lost her lover; and by this has many an amiable wife alienated the affections of her husband.

Let me, then, in concluding this chapter, again repeat, that consistency is the soul of female power, the charm of her fascination, the bond of her social happiness.

CONTINUATION OF THE SAME SUBJECT.

"Observe the just gradation of degree."

THE carriage of a woman to her equals being founded on a just appreciation of their merits, and a proper respect to herself, the same sentiment will be found to pervade her conduct to her superiors in rank.

With regard to men, when they occupy a higher station than herself, she must proportion reverential courtesy to them according to the rules of court ceremony. If she knows them merely as officers high in authority under the king, or as nobles distinguished by their honours; her manner must then be that of calm, dignified respect. But when she finds that merit is yet higher in any of these men than his titles, then, let her show the homage of the soul, as well as that of the body; for real greatness ennobles the head which bows.

With regard to her own sex, the same rule must be observed. There are certain regula-

tions in society which are called Laws of Precedence. They are of as much use in maintaining a due and harmonious order amongst civilized men and women, as the law of attraction is to preserve the heavenly bodies in their proper orbits. As one star differs from another in magnitude and splendor, in proportion to the destiny it hath to fulfil; so do the talents and degrees of men vary according to the allotted duties they have to perform. Hence, as in astronomy, we think not of despising Mercury, because he is not as large as Saturn, nor of speaking of our own Earth as a planet of no account, because she has not four moons like Jupiter; so, by parity of reasoning, we do not esteem our inferiors, or equals, the less, because they do not fill the first orders in society. All ranks have their proper place, the station in which they can be the most useful; and it is in proportion as they perform their respective duties, that we must respect the individuals.

We, therefore, regard society as a grand machine, in which each member has the place best fitted for him; or, to make use of a more common illustration, as a vast drama, in which every person has the part allotted to him most appropriate to his abilities. One enacts the King, others the Lords, others the Commons; but all

obey the Great Director, who best knows what is in man. Regarding things in this light, all arrogance, all pride, all envyings and contempt of others, from their relative degrees, disappear, as emotions to which we have no pretensions. We neither endowed ourselves with high birth or eminent talents. We are altogether beings of a creation independent of our own will; and, therefore, bearing our own honours as a gift, not as a right, we should condescend to our inferiors, (whose place it might have been our lot to fill,) and regard with deference our superiors, whom Heaven, by so elevating, has intended that we should respect.

This sentiment of order in the mind, this conviction of the beautiful harmony in a well-organized, civil society, gives us dignity with our inferiors, without alloying it with the smallest particle of pride; by keeping them at a due distance, we merely maintain ourselves and them in the rank in which a higher Power has placed us; and the condescension of our general manners to them, and our kindnesses in their exigencies, and generous approbation of their worth, are sufficient acknowledgements of sympathy, to show that we avow the same nature with themselves, the same origin, the same probation, the same end.

Our demeanour with our equals is more a matter of policy. To be indiscreetly familiar, to allow of liberties being taken with your good-nature; all this is likely to happen with people of the same rank with ourselves, unless we hold our mere acquaintance at a proper distance, by a certain reserve. A woman may be gay, ingenuous, perfectly amiable to her associates, and yet reserved. Avoid all sudden intimacies, all needless secret-telling, all closeting about nonsense, caballing, taking mutual liberties with each other in regard to domestic arrangements; in short, beware of familiarity! The kind of familiarity which is common in families, and amongst women of the same classes in society, is that of an indiscriminate gossiping; an interchange of thoughts without any effusion of the heart. Then an unceremonious way of reproaching each other, for a real or supposed neglect; a coarse manner of declaring your faults; a habit of jangling on trifles; a habit of preferring your own whims or ease before that of the persons about you; an indelicate way of breaking into each other's privacy. In short, doing every thing that declares the total oblivion of all politeness and decent manners.

This series of errors happens every day amongst brothers and sisters, husbands and

wives, and female acquaintances: and what are the consequences? Distaste, disgust, everlasting quarrels, and perhaps total rupture in the end!

I have seen many families bound together by the tenderest affection; I have seen many hearts wrought into each other by the sweet amalgamation of friendship; but with none did I ever find this delicious foretaste of the society in Elysium, where a never-failing politeness was not mingled in all their thoughts, words, and actions, to each other.

Deportment to superiors must ever carry with it that peculiar degree of ceremony which their rank demands. No intimacy of intercourse with them, no friendship and affection from them, ought ever to make us forget the certain respect which their stations require. Thus, for a mere gentlewoman to think of arrogating to herself the same homage of courtesy that is paid to a lady of quality, or to deny the just tribute of precedence, in every respect, to that lady, would be as absurd as presumptuous. Yet we see it; and ridicule, from the higher circles, is all she derives from her vain pretensions. By the same rule, every woman of rank must yield due courtesy to those above her, in the just gradation, according to their elevation in the scale of nobility. The law of courts on

this subject is soon understood, and, as a guide to my young readers, who may not yet have been sufficiently informed, I shall, beneath, give them a list of female titles, according to their precedence in the march of hereditary and other honours. I shall begin with the highest rank, as it is that which, in all public processions, or in private parties, has the right of standing or moving first.

As the crown of the whole, I set down a Queen. Then Princesses. Then follow, in regular order, Duchesses, Marchionesses, Countesses. The Wives of the Eldest Sons of Marquisses. The Wives of the Younger Sons of Dukes. Daughters of Dukes. Daughters of Marquisses. Viscountesses. Wives of the Eldest sons of Earls. Daughters of Earls. Wives of the younger sons of Marquisses. Baronesses. Wives of the eldest sons of Viscounts. Daughters of Viscounts. Wives of the younger sons of Earls. Wives of the eldest sons of Barons. Daughters of Barons. Wives of the younger sons of Viscounts. Wives of the younger sons of Barons. Wives of Baronets. Wives of Privy Counsellors, Commoners. Wives of Judges. Wives of Knights of the Garter. Wives of Knights of the Bath. Wives of Knights of the Thistle. Wives of Knights Bachelors. Wives of Generals. Wives

of Admirals. Wives of the eldest sons of Baronets. Daughters of Knights, according to their fathers' precedence. Wives of the younger sons of Baronets. Wives of Esquires and Gentlemen. Daughters of Esquires and Gentlemen. Wives of Citizens and Burgesses. The Wives of Military and Naval Officers of course take precedence of each other in correspondence with the rank of their husbands.

This scale, if every young lady would bear in mind and conform to it, is a sufficient guide to the mere ceremony of precedence; and would effectually prevent those dangerous disputes in ball-rooms about places, and those rude jostlings in going in and out of assemblies, which are not more disagreeable than ill-bred. It is the perfection of fine breeding to know your place, to be acquainted with that of others; and to fall gracefully into your station accordingly. While the gentlewoman is content to move in the train of female honours, the dignified decorum of step forms one graceful link in the chain of society; but if she struggles to get before, strikes one to her right, and the other to her left; treads down alike her equals and her superiors, in her eagerness for pre-eminence; we fly from the shrew, and declare

her unworthy of fellowship with any class of well-ordered females.

The deference we pay to superiors, our inferiors will refund to us; and therefore, if we wish to maintain "that proud submission, that dignified obedience," which binds the subject, through various gradations, to the sovereign, we must teach our untractable spirits to bend to the cogent reasons and salutary ordinances of high authority.

Women in every country have a greater influence than men choose to confess.

"Men's earliest words are taught them from her lips."

Though haughtiness of mind will not allow them always to acknowledge the truth, yet we see the proof in its effects; and, in consequence, must exhort women, by yielding their deference to the laws of honorary precedence, to teach men to obey them; and rather to emulate such distinctions, than seek to pull down the possessors to the level of the common herd.

CONCLUSION.

"Can comeliness of form, or shape, or air,
With comeliness of words or deeds compare?
No! those at first th' unwary heart may gain,
But these, these only, can the heart retain."

GAY.

WHEN so much has been said of the body and its accoutrements, I cannot but subjoin a few words on the intelligence which animates the frame, and of the organ which imparts its meaning.

Connected speech is granted to mankind alone. Parrots may prate, and monkeys chatter, but it is only to the reasonable being that power of combining ideas, expressing their import, and uttering, in audible sounds, in all its various gradations, the language of sense and judgment, of love and resentment, is awarded as a gift, that gives us a proud and undeniable superiority to all the rest of the creation.

To employ this faculty well and gracefully, is one grand object of education. The mere

organ itself, as to sound, is like a musical instrument, to be modulated with elegance, or struck with the disorderly nerve of coarseness and vulgarity.

I must add to what has been said before on the subject, that excessive rapidity of speaking is, in general, even with a clear enunciation, very disagreeable; but, when it is accompanied with a shrill voice, the effect is inexpressibly discordant and hideous. The first orator the heathen world ever knew, so far remedied the natural defects of his speech, (and they were most embarrassing,) as to become the most easy and persuasive of speakers. In like manner, when a young woman finds any difficulty or inelegance in her organs, she ought to pay the strictest attention to rectify the fault.

Should she have too quick or encumbered an articulation, she ought to read with extreme slowness for several hours in the day, and even pay attention, in speaking, to check the rapidity or confusion of her utterance. By similar antidotal means, she must attack a propensity of talking in a high key. Better err in the opposite extreme, while she is prosecuting her cure, as the voice will gradually and imperceptibly attain its most harmonious pitch, than, by at first attempting the medium, most likely

retain too much of the screaming key. A clear articulation, a tempered intonation, and in a moderate key, are essentials in the voice of an accomplished female. Her graceful peculiarities must be the gift of nature, or the effect of cultivated taste. Fine judgment and delicate sensibility are the best schoolmistresses on this subject. Indeed, where, in relation to man or woman, shall we find that an improved understanding, an enlightened mind, and a refined taste, are not the best polishers of manners, and in all respects the most efficient handmaids of the Muses?

Let me, then, in one short sentence, in one tender adieu, my fair readers and endeared friends! enforce upon your minds, that if Beauty be woman's weapon, it must be feathered by the Graces, pointed by the eye of Discretion, and shot by the hand of Virtue!

Look, then, my sweet pupils, not merely to your mirrors, when you would decorate yourselves for conquest, but consult the *speculum*, which will reflect your hearts and minds. Remember that it is the affections of a sensible and reasonable soul you hope to subdue, and seek for arms likely to carry the fortress.

He that is worthy, must love corresponding excellence. Which of you all would wish to marry

a man merely for the colour of his eye, or the shape of his leg? Think not then worse of him than you would do of yourselves; and hope not to satisfy his better wishes with the possesion of a merely handsome wife.

Beauty of person will ever be found a dead letter, unless it be animated with beauty of mind. "For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich." We must, then, not only cultivate the shape, the complexion, the air, the attire, the manners, but most assiduously must our attention be devoted to teach "the young idea how to shoot," and to fashion the unfolding mind to judgment and virtue. By such culture, it will not be merely the charming girl, the captivating woman we shall present to the world, but the dutiful daughter, affectionate sister, tender wife, judicious mother, faithful friend, and amiable acquaintance.

Let these, then, be the fair images which will form themselves on the models drawn by my not inexperienced pen! Let me see Beauty, whose soul is virtue, approach me with the chastened step of Modesty; and, ere she advances from behind the heavenly cloud that envelops her, I shall behold Love, and all the graces, hovering in air to adorn and attend her charms.

This may be thy picture, lovely daughter of Albion! Make thyself, then, worthy of the likeness, and thou wilt fulfil the fondest wish of thine unknown friend.

THE END.

APPENDIX.

ON THE USE OF CORSETS.

THE following pages are abridged by an eminent English physician from an Essay on the Use of Corsets, by Soemmerring, the German physiologist:

Fashion lives on novelty, and we have on this account much charity for its wanderings and eccentricities. Bonnets, with a snout as long as an elephant's proboscis, or a margin as broad as a Winchester bushel, are merely ridiculous. Shoulders that look like wings, and sleeves as wide as a petticoat, we think are not particularly graceful; but they have at least the merit of being airy, and we take no offence. We cannot, however, extend our indulgence to the compressed waist which is the rage at present. We know that as often as the waist is lengthened to its natural limits, this tendency to abridge its diameter appears;

and we confess we are puzzled to account for the fact; for surely it is strange, that a permanent prepossession should exist in favour of a mode of dress which is at once ugly, unnatural, and pernicious. Were fashion under the guidance of taste, the principles of drapery in painting and sculpture would never be lost sight of in its changes. The clothes that cover us may be disposed in an infinite variety of forms, without violating those rules which the artist is careful to observe. The true form of the body ought to be disclosed to the eye, without the shape being exhibited in all its minutiæ, as in the dress of a harlequin; but in no case should the natural proportions (supposing the figure to be good) be changed. Ask the sculptor what he thinks of a fashionable waist, pinched till it rivals the lady's neck in tenuity, and he will tell you it is monstrous. Consult the physician, and you will learn that this is one of those follies in which no female can long indulge with impunity; for health, and even life, are often sacrificed to it.

Corsets are used partly as a warm covering to the chest, and partly to furnish a convenient attachment to other parts of the female dress. This is all proper and correct; but to these uses fashion superadds others, originating in

fantastical notions of beauty. Corsets are employed to modify the shape, to render the chest as small below, and as broad above, as possible, and to increase the elevation, fulness, and prominence of the bosom. To show how this affects the condition of the body, we must begin by giving a short description of the thorax or chest, which is the subject of this artificial compression.

Every one who has seen a skeleton, knows that the chest consists of a cavity protected by a curious frame-work of bones. These are, 1st, the backbone, (consisting of *vertebræ*, or short bones jointed into one another,) which sustains the whole upper part of the trunk; 2d, the breast bone, about seven or eight inches long, and composed of three pieces; and 3dly, the ribs, of which there are generally twenty-four. The twelve ribs on each side are all fixed to the back-bone behind; seven of these, the seven uppermost, are also attached to the breast-bone before, and are, therefore, called *true ribs*. The eighth rib has its end turned up, and rests on the seventh; the ninth rests in the same way on the eighth; but the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth are not connected with one another in front at all. The fore extremity of each rib consists not of bone, but of an elastic substance

called cartilage. The elasticity of this substance, combined with the oblique position of the ribs, constitutes a beautiful provision, in consequence of which the chest enlarges and contracts its volume to afford free play to the lungs.

We now wish to call attention to the form of this cavity, which, as we have seen, is surrounded and protected by the back-bone, ribs, and breast-bone, and is called the *thorax*, or chest. The uppermost pair of ribs, which lie just at the bottom of the neck, are very short; the next pair is rather longer; the third longer still; and thus they go on increasing in length to the seventh pair, or last *true* ribs, after which the length diminishes, but without materially contracting the size of the cavity, because the false ribs only go round a part of the body. Hence the chest has a sort of conical shape, or it may be compared to the bee-hives used in this country, the narrow, or pointed end, being next the neck, and the broad end undermost. The natural form of the thorax, in short, is just the reverse of the fashionable shape of the waist. The latter is narrow below, and wide above; the former is narrow above, and wide below.

The lower part of the thorax is also much more compressible, and of course more easily

injured by ligatures than the upper. In the upper part, the bones form a complete circle; and, from the small obliquity of the ribs, this circle presents a great power of resistance to external pressure. But the last five ribs, called the false ribs, besides being placed more obliquely, become weaker as they decrease in length, and having no support in front, their power of resisting external pressure is probably six times less than that of the true ribs. Hence ligatures applied to this part of the body may contract the natural size of the cavity perhaps one half. Nature, in this instance, has intrusted the belle with a discretionary power, guarding against its abuse, however, by severe penalties. If she chooses to *brave the consequences*, she may always, with the help of lace and cord, produce a great change on this part of her person.

From the great care nature has bestowed to strengthen the outer shell of the thorax, and to combine mobility with strength, we may judge of the importance of the organs within, and of the value of free motion to their healthy action. It is a further proof of this, as Soemmerring observes, that the ribs are the first part of the bony frame-work which nature forms; for, in the unborn child, no other bones except those of the ear are so perfect. The *contents* of the

thorax are,—first, the heart, which is the centre of the circulating system, and which, for the sake of its metaphorical offices, every lady must be anxious to keep from injury;—next, the lungs, which occupy by far the largest space, and of the delicacy of whose operations, every one may judge. There are, besides, either within the thorax, or in juxtaposition with it, the stomach, liver, and kidneys, with the œsophagus, the trachea, or windpipe, part of the intestines, and many nerves, all intimately connected with the vital powers. Most of these organs are not only of primary importance in themselves, but, through the nerves, arteries, &c., their influence extends to the head, and the remotest parts of the limbs, so that when they are injured, *health is poisoned at its source*, and the mischief always travels to other parts of the system.

Imagine, now, what is the consequence of applying compression, by corsets of some unyielding material, to a cavity enclosing so many delicate organs, whose free action is essential to health. First, the lowest part of the shell of the thorax yields most; the false ribs, and the lower true ribs, are pressed inwards; the whole viscera in this part of the body, including part of the intestines, are squeezed close together

and forced upwards; and, as the pressure is continued above, they are forced higher still. If the lacing is carried farther, the breast-bone is raised, and sometimes bent; the collar-bone protrudes its inner extremity; and the shoulder-blades are forced backwards. The under part of the lungs is pressed together, and the entrance of the blood into it hindered; the abdominal viscera, being last protected, suffer severely; the stomach is compressed, its distension prevented, and its situation and form changed, giving rise to imperfect digestion; the blood is forced up to the head, where it generates various complaints; the liver has its shape altered, and its functions obstructed; the bones having their natural motions constrained, distortion ensues, and the high shoulder, the twisted spine, or breast-bone, begins at last to manifest itself through the integuments and the clothes.

Another effect of tight corsets, says the essayist, is, that those who have been long so closely laced, become at last unable to hold themselves erect, or move with comfort without them, but, as is very justly said, *fall together*, in consequence of the natural form and position of the ribs being altered. The muscles of the back are weakened and crippled, and

cannot maintain themselves in their natural position for any length of time. The spine, too, no longer accustomed to bear the destined weight of the body, bends and sinks down. Where tight lacing is practised, young women, from fifteen to twenty years of age, are found so dependent upon their corsets, that they faint whenever they lay them aside, and therefore are obliged to have themselves laced before going to sleep. For as soon as the thorax and abdomen are relaxed, by being deprived of their usual support, the blood rushing downwards, in consequence of the diminished resistance to its motion, empties the vessels of the head, and thus occasions fainting.

"From 1760 to about 1770," says Soemmerring, "it was the fashion in Berlin and other parts of Germany, and also in Holland a few years ago, to apply corsets to children. This practice fell into disuse, in consequence of its being observed, that children who did not wear corsets grew up straight, while those who were treated with this extraordinary care, got by it a high shoulder or a hunch. Many families might be named, in which parental fondness selected the handsomest of several boys to put in corsets, and the result was, that these alone were hunched. The deformity

was attributed at first to the improper mode of applying the corsets, till it was discovered that no child thus invested, grew up straight, not to mention the risk of consumption and rupture which were likewise incurred by using them. I, for my part, affirm, that I do not know any woman who, by tight lacing, (that is, by artificial means,) has obtained 'a fine figure,' in whom I could not, by accurate examination, point out either a high shoulder, oblique compressed ribs, a lateral incurvation of the spine in the form of an italic *S*, or some other distortion. I have had opportunities of verifying this opinion among ladies of high condition, who, as models of fine form, were brought forward for the purpose of putting me to silence."

Young ladies in course of time hope to become wives, and wives to become mothers. Even in this last stage, few females have the courage to resist a practice which is in general use, though to them it is trebly injurious. But it is sufficient to glance at this branch of the subject, on which, for obvious reasons, we cannot follow our medical instructor. It is lamentable, however, that mothers who have themselves experienced the bitter fruits of tight lacing, still permit their daughters to indulge in it. There

is, in truth, no tyranny like the tyranny of fashion. "I have found mothers of discernment and experience," says Soemmerring, "who predicted that in their 25th year, a hunch would inevitably be the lot of their daughters, whom they nevertheless allowed to wear corsets, because they were afraid to make their children singular."

But it is time to speak of the diseases produced by the passion for *slender waists*. "One is astonished," says Soemmerring, "at the number of diseases which corsets occasion. Those I have subjoined rest on the authority of the most eminent physicians. Tight-lacing produces—

Headach, giddiness, tendency to fainting, pain in the eyes, pain and ringing in the ears, bleeding at the nose, shortness of breath, spitting of blood, consumption, derangement of the circulation, palpitation of the heart, water in the chest, loss of appetite, squeamishness, eructations, vomiting of blood, depraved digestion, flatulence, diarrhœa, colic pains, induration of the liver, dropsy, and rupture. It is also followed by melancholy, hysteria, and many diseases peculiar to the female constitution, which it is not necessary to enumerate in detail."

But the injury does not fall merely on the inward structure of the body, but also on its outward beauty, and on the temper and feelings with which that beauty is associated. Beauty is in reality but another name for that expression of countenance which is the index of sound health, intelligence, good feelings, and peace of mind. All are aware, that uneasy feelings, existing habitually in the breast, speedily exhibit their signature on the countenance, and that bitter thoughts, or a bad temper, spoil the human face divine of its grace. But it is not so generally known that irksome or painful sensations, though merely of a physical nature, by a law equally certain, rob the temper of its sweetness, and, as a consequence, the countenance of the more ethereal and better part of its beauty. Pope attributes the rudeness of a person usually bland and polished, to the circumstance, that "he had not dined;" in other words, his stomach was in bad order. But there are many other physical pains besides hunger that sour the temper; and, for our part, if we found ourselves sitting at dinner with a man whose body was girt on all sides by board and bone, like the north pole by thick-ribbed ice, we should no more expect to find grace, politeness, amenity,

vivacity, and good-humour, in such a companion, than in Prometheus with a vulture battening on his vitals, or in Cerberus, whose task is to growl all day long in his chains.

ON THE LADIES' PASSION FOR LEVELLING ALL DISTINCTION OF DRESS.

FOREIGNERS observe that there are no ladies in the world more beautiful, or more ill-dressed, than those of England. Our countrywomen have been compared to those pictures, where the face is the work of a Raphael, but the draperies thrown out by some empty pretender, destitute of taste, and entirely unacquainted with design.

If I were a poet, I might observe on this occasion, that so much beauty, set off with all the advantages of dress, would be too powerful an antagonist for the opposite sex; and therefore it was wisely ordered that our ladies should want taste, lest their admirers should entirely want reason.

But, to confess the truth, I do not find they have greater aversion to fine clothes than the women of any other country whatsoever. I cannot fancy that a shopkeeper's wife in Cheapside

has a greater tenderness for the fortune of her husband, than a citizen's wife in Paris; or that miss in a boarding-school is more an economist in dress than mademoiselle in a nunnery.

Although Paris may be accounted the soil in which almost every fashion takes its rise, its influence is never so general there as with us. They study there the happy method of uniting grace and fashion, and never excuse a woman for being awkwardly dressed, by saying her clothes are in the mode. A Frenchwoman is a perfect architect in dress; she never, with Gothic ignorance, mixes the orders; she never tricks out a squabby Doric shape with Corinthian finery; or, to speak without metaphor, she conforms to general fashion only when it happens not to be repugnant to private beauty.

The English ladies, on the contrary, seem to have no other standard of grace but the run of the town. If fashion gives the word, every distinction of beauty, complexion, of stature, ceases. Sweeping trains, Prussian bonnets, and trollopees, as like each other as if cut from the same piece, level all to one standard. The Mall, the gardens, and playhouses, are filled with ladies in uniform; and their whole appearance shows as little variety of taste as if their clothes were bespoke by the colonel of a marching regi-

ment, or fancied by the artist who dresses the three battalions of guards.

But not only the ladies of every shape and complexion, but of every age too, are possessed of this unaccountable passion for levelling all distinction in dress. The lady of no quality travels first behind the lady of some quality; and a woman of sixty is as gaudy as her granddaughter. A friend of mine, a good-natured old man, amused me the other day with an account of his journey to the Mall. It seems, in his walk thither, he, for some time, followed a lady, who, as he thought, by her dress, was a girl of fifteen. It was airy, elegant, and youthful. My old friend had called up all his poetry on this occasion, and fancied twenty Cupids prepared for execution in every folding of her white negligee. He had prepared his imagination for an angel's face; but what was his mortification to find that the imaginary goddess was no other than his cousin Hannah, some years older than himself!

But to give it in his own words: "After the transports of our first salute," said he, "were over, I could not avoid running my eye over her whole appearance. Her gown was of cambric, cut short before, in order to discover a high-heeled shoe, which was buckled almost at the

toe. Her cap consisted of a few bits of cambric, and flowers of painted paper stuck on one side of her head. Her bosom, that had felt no hand but the hand of time these twenty years, rose, suing to be pressed. I could, indeed, have wished her more than a handkerchief of Paris net to shade her beauties; for, as Tasso says of the rose-bud, '*Quanto si nostra men, tanto e piu bella.*' A female breast is generally thought most beautiful as it is more sparingly discovered.

"As my cousin had not put on all this finery for nothing, she was at that time sallying out to the Park, where I had overtaken her. Perceiving, however, that I had on my best wig, she offered, if I would squire her there, to send home the footman. Though I trembled for our reception in public, yet I could not, with any civility, refuse; so, to be as gallant as possible, I took her hand in my arm, and thus we marched on together.

"When we made our entry at the Park, two antiquated figures, so polite and so tender, soon attracted the eyes of the company. As we made our way among the crowds who were out to show their finery as well as we, wherever we came, I perceived we brought good humour with us. The polite could not forbear smiling,

and the vulgar burst out into a horse-laugh at our grotesque figures. Cousin Hannah, who was perfectly conscious of the rectitude of her own appearance, attributed all this mirth to the oddity of mine; while I as cordially placed the whole to her account. Thus, from being two of the best-natured creatures alive, before we got half way up the Mall, we both began to grow peevish, and like two mice on a string, endeavoured to revenge the impertinence of others upon ourselves. 'I am amazed, cousin Jeffery,' says Miss, 'that I can never get you to dress like a Christian. I knew we should have the eyes of the Park upon us, with your great wig, so frizzled, and yet so beggarly, and your monstrous muff. I hate those odious muffs.' I could have patiently borne a criticism on all the rest of my equipage; but as I had always a peculiar veneration for my muff, I could not forbear being piqued a little; and throwing my eyes with a spiteful air on her bosom, 'I 'could heartily wish, madam,' replied I, 'that, for your sake, my muff was cut into a tippet.'

"As my cousin, by this time, was grown heartily ashamed of her gentleman-usher, and as I was never very fond of any kind of exhibition myself, it was mutually agreed to retire for a

while to one of the seats, and, from that retreat, remark on others as freely as they had remarked on us.

"When seated, we continued silent for some time, employed in very different speculations. I regarded the whole company, now passing in review before me, as drawn out merely for my amusement. For my entertainment, the beauty had, all that morning, been improving her charms: the beau had put on lace, and the young doctor a big wig, merely to please me. But quite different were the sentiments of cousin Hannah: she regarded every well-dressed woman as a victorious rival; hated every face that seemed dressed in good humour, or wore the appearance of greater happiness than her own. I perceived her uneasiness, and attempted to lessen it, by observing that there was no company in the Park to-day. To this she readily assented; 'and yet,' says she, 'it is full enough of scrubs of one kind or another.' My smiling at this observation gave her spirits to pursue the bent of her inclination, and now she began to exhibit her skill in secret history, as she found me disposed to listen. 'Observe,' says she to me, 'that old woman in tawdry silk, and dressed out beyond the fashion. That is Miss Biddy Evergreen. Miss Biddy, it seems,

has money; and as she considers that money was never so scarce as it is now, she seems resolved to keep what she has to herself. She is ugly enough, you see; yet, I assure you, she has refused several offers, to my knowledge, within this twelvemonth. Let me see;—three gentlemen from Ireland, who study the law, two waiting captains, her doctor, and a Scotch preacher, who had liked to have carried her off. All her time is passed between sickness and finery. Thus she spends the whole week in a close chamber, with no other company but her monkey, her apothecary, and cat; and comes dressed out to Park every Sunday, to show her airs, to get new lovers, to catch a new cold, and to make new work for the doctor.

"'There goes Mrs Roundabout, I mean the fat lady in the lustring trollopee. Between you and I, she is but a cutler's wife. See how she's dressed, as fine as hands and pins can make her, while her two marriageable daughters, like bunters in stuff gowns, are now taking sixpenny-worth of tea at the White-conduit house. Odious puss, how she waddles along, with her train two yards behind her! She puts me in mind of my Lord Bantam's Indian sheep, which are obliged to have their monstrous tails trundled along in a go-cart. For all her airs, it

goes to her husband's heart to see four yards of good lustring wearing against the ground, like one of his knives on a grindstone. To speak my mind, cousin Jeffery, I never liked those tails: for suppose a young fellow should be rude, and the lady should offer to step back in the fright, instead of retiring, she treads upon her train, and falls fairly on her back; and then you know, cousin,—her clothes may be spoiled.

"'Ah! Miss Mazzard! I knew we should not miss her in the Park; she in the monstrous Prussian bonnet. Miss, though so very fine, was bred a milliner; and might have had some custom if she had minded her business; but the girl was fond of finery, and, instead of dressing her customers, laid out all her goods in adorning herself. Every new gown she put on impaired her credit; she still, however, went on, improving her appearance, and lessening her little fortune, and is now, you see, become a belle and a bankrupt.'

"My cousin was proceeding in her remarks, which were interrupted by the approach of the very lady she had been so freely describing. Miss had perceived her at a distance, and approached to salute her. I found by the warmth of the two ladies' protestations, that they had been long intimate, esteemed friends and ac-

quaintance. Both were so pleased at this happy rencounter, that they were resolved not to part for the day. So we all crossed the Park together, and I saw them into a hackney-coach at St. James's."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

RECIPES.

RECIPES.

Paste of Palermo.

THIS paste for the hands, to use instead of soap, preserves them from chopping, smooths their surface, and renders them soft.

Take a pound of soft soap, half a pint of salad oil, the same quantity of spirits of wine, the juice of three lemons, a little silver sand, and a sufficient quantity of what perfume pleases the sense. The oil and soap must be first boiled together in an earthen pipkin. The other ingredients to be added after boiling; and, when cool, amalgamate into a paste with the hands.

Fard.

This useful paste is good for taking off sunburnings, effects of weather on the face, and accidental cutaneous eruptions. It must be ap-

plied at going to bed. First wash the face with its usual ablution, and when dry, rub this fard all over it, and go to rest with it on the skin. This is excellent for almost constant use. Take two ounces of oil of sweet almonds, ditto of spermaceti; melt them in a pipkin over a slow fire. When they are dissolved and mixed, take it off the fire, and stir into it one table-spoonful of fine honey. Continue stirring it till it is cold, and then it is fit for use.

Lip Salve.

A quarter of a pound of hard marrow from the marrow-bone. Melt it over a slow fire, as it dissolves gradually, pour the liquid marrow into an earthen pipkin; then add to it an ounce of spermaceti, twenty raisins of the sun, stoned, and a small portion of alcanna root, sufficient to colour it a bright vermillion. Simmer these ingredients over a slow fire for ten minutes, then strain the whole through muslin; and, while hot, stir into it one tea-spoonful of the balsam of Peru. Pour it into the boxes in which it is to remain; it will there stiffen, and become fit for use.

Lavender Water.

Take of rectified spirits of wine half a pint,

essential oil of lavender two drachms, otto of roses five drops. Mix all together in a bottle, and cork it for use.

Unction de Maintenon.

The use of this is to remove freckles. The mode of application is this:—Wash the face at night with elder-flower water, then anoint it with the unction. In the morning cleanse your skin from its oily adhesion, by washing it copiously in rose-water.

Take of Venice soap an ounce, dissolve it in half an ounce of lemon juice, to which add of oil of bitter-almonds and deliquidated oil of tartar, each a quarter of an ounce. Let the mixture be placed in the sun till it acquires the consistence of ointment. When in this state, add three drops of the oil of rhodium, and keep it for use.

Creme de l'Enclos.

This is an excellent wash, to be used night and morning for the removal of tan.

Take half a pint of milk, with the juice of a lemon, and a spoonful of white brandy, boil the whole, and skim it clear from all scum. When cool, it is ready for use.

Pommade de Seville.

This simple application is much in request with the Spanish ladies, for taking off the effects of the sun, and to render the complexion brilliant.

Take equal parts of lemon-juice and white of eggs. Beat the whole together in a varnished earthen pipkin, and set on a slow fire. Stir the fluid with a wooden spoon till it has acquired the consistence of soft pomatum. Perfume it with some sweet essence, and before you apply it, carefully wash the face with rice water.

Beaume à l'Antique.

This is a very fine cure for chopped lips. Take four ounces of the oil of roses, half an ounce of white wax, and half an ounce of spermaceti; melt them in a glass vessel, and stir them with a wooden spoon; pour it out into glass cups for use.

Wash for the Hair.

This is a cleanser and brightener of the head and hair, and should be applied in the morning.

Beat up the whites of six eggs into a froth, and with that anoint the head close to the roots of the hair. Leave it to dry on; then wash the

head and hair thoroughly with a mixture of rum and rose-water in equal quantities.

Aura and Cephalus.

This curious recipe is of Grecian origin, as its name plainly indicates, and is said to have been very efficacious in preventing, or even removing, premature wrinkles from the face of the Athenian fair.

Put some powder of the best myrrh upon an iron plate, sufficiently heated to melt the gum gently, and when it liquifies, hold your face over it, at a proper distance to receive the fumes without inconvenience; and that you may reap the whole benefit of the fumigation, cover your head with a napkin. It must be observed, however, that if the applicant feels any headach, she must desist, as the remedy will not suit her constitution, and ill consequences might possibly ensue.

Madame Recamier's Pommade.

This was communicated by this lady as being used in France and Italy, by those who professionally, or by choice, are engaged in exercises which require long and great exertions of the limbs, as dancing, playing on instruments, &c.

Take any suitable quantity of *Axungia Cervi*, i. e. the fat of a red stag or hart; add to it the same quantity of olive oil, (Florence oil is preferable to any of the kind,) and half the quantity of virgin wax; melt the whole in an earthen vessel, well glazed, over a slow fire, and, when properly mixed, leave it to cool.—This ointment has been applied also with considerable efficacy in cases of rheumatism.

A Wash for the Face.

This recipe is well known in France, and much extolled by the ladies of that country as efficacious and harmless.

Take equal parts of the seeds of the melon, pompion, gourd, and cucumber, pounded and reduced to powder or meal; add to it fresh cream, sufficient to dilute the flour; beat all up together, adding a sufficient quantity of milk, as it may be required, to make an ointment, and then apply it to the face; leave it there for half an hour, and then wash it off with warm soft water.

A Paste for the Skin.

This may be recommended in cases when the skin seems to get too loosely attached to the muscles.

Boil the whites of four eggs in rose water, add to it a sufficient quantity of alum; beat the whole together till it takes the consistence of a paste. This will give, when applied, great firmness to the skin.

A Wash to give Lustre to the Face.

Infuse wheat-bran well sifted, for three or four hours in white wine vinegar; add to it five yolks of eggs and a grain or two of ambergris, and distil the whole. When the bottle is carefully corked, keep it for twelve or fifteen days before you make use of it.

Pimpernel Water.

Pimpernel is a most wholesome plant, and often used on the continent for the purpose of whitening the complexion; it is there in so high reputation, that it is said generally, that it ought to be continually on the toilet of every lady who cares for the brightness of her skin.

Eau de Veau.

Boil a calf's foot in four quarts of river water till it is reduced to half the quantity. Add half a pound of rice, and boil it with crumb of white bread steeped in milk, a pound of fresh

butter, and the whites of five fresh eggs; mix with them a small quantity of camphor and alum, and distil the whole. This recipe may be strongly recommended; it is most beneficial to the skin, which it lubricates and softens to a very comfortable degree. The best manner of distilling these ingredients is in the *balneum mariæ;* that is, in a bottle placed in boiling water.

Rose Water.

Put some roses into water, add to them a few drops of acid; the vitriolic acid seems to be preferable to any—soon the water will assume both the colour and perfume of the roses.

Another.

Take two pounds of rose leaves, place them on a napkin tied round the edges of a basin filled with hot water, and put a dish of cold water upon the leaves; keep the bottom water hot, and change the water at top as soon as it begins to grow warm; by this kind of distillation you will extract a great quantity of the essential oil of the roses by a process which cannot be expensive, and will prove very beneficial.

Virgin Milk.

A publication of this kind would certainly be looked upon as an imperfect performance, if we omitted to say a few words upon this famous cosmetic. It consists of a tincture of benjoin, precipitated by water. The tincture of benjoin is obtained by taking a certain quantity of that gum, pouring spirits of wine upon it, and boiling it till it becomes a rich tincture. If you pour a few drops of this tincture into a glass of water, it will produce a mixture which will assume all the appearance of milk, and retain a very agreeable perfume. If the face is washed with this mixture, it will, by calling the purple stream of the blood to the external fibres of the epidermis, produce on the cheeks a beautiful rosy colour; and, if left on the face to dry, it will render it clear and brilliant. It also removes spots, freckles, pimples, erysipelatous eruptions, &c. &c. if they have not been of long standing on the skin.

Lavender Water.

Take four handfuls of dried lavender flowers, and sprinkle on them one quart of brandy, the same quantity of white wine and rose-water; leave them to remain six days in a large bottle

well-corked up; let the liquor be distilled and poured off.

Sweet-scented Water.

This agreeably-scented water is not only a pleasant cosmetic, but also of great use in nervous disorders.

Put one quart of rose-water, and the same quantity of orange-water, into a large and wide-mouthed glass; strew upon it two handfuls of jessamine flowers, put the glass in the *balneum mariæ*, or on a slow fire, and when it is distilled, add to it a scruple of musk and the same quantity of ambergris.

Eau d'Ange.

Pound in a mortar fifteen cloves and one pound of cinnamon, and put the whole into a quart of water, with four grains of anniseed; let it stand over a charcoal fire twenty-four hours, then strain off the liquor, and put it up for use. This perfume is most excellent, and will do well for the hands, face, and hair, to which it communicates a very agreeable scent.

Remedy for the Toothach.

In two drachms of rectified spirits of wine

dissolve one drachm of camphire, five grains of prepared opium, and ten drops of oil of box; mix them well, and keep it well corked for use. If the pain arise from a hollow tooth, four or five drops on cotton to be put into the tooth; or six or seven drops to be put on cotton into the ear on the side where the pain is felt. Should the patient not feel easier in a quarter of an hour, the same may be repeated. It has never failed on the second application.

An excellent Eye-water.

Take six ounces of rectified spirits of wine, dissolve in it one drachm of camphire, and half a pint of elder-flower water. Wash the eyes night and morning with this liquid; it clears the vision, and strengthens the sight.

Dentifrice.

The following is one of the best recipes for tooth-powder:—

Take of prepared chalk six ounces, cassia powder, half an ounce, orris-root, an ounce. These are to be well mixed, and may be coloured with red lake, or any other innocent substance, according to the fancy of the user. This dentifrice is to be used with a firm brush every

morning; the teeth should also be brushed before going to bed, but it is seldom necessary to use the powder more than once a day.

THE END.

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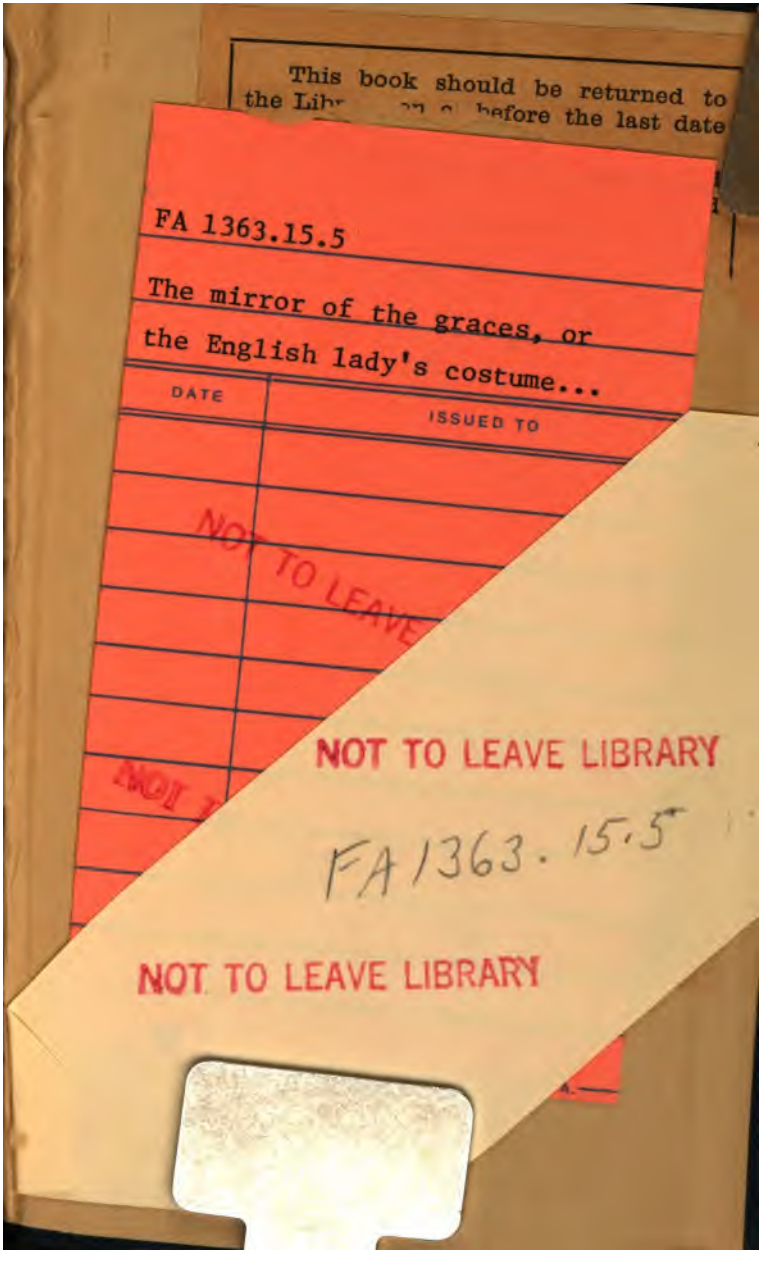
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